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JOSEPH WESLEY HARPER.

The life of Wesley Harper, as his family and friends called him, was wholly private and domestic. Shy and retiring, he avoided entirely that kind of public service which makes men's names familiar, and for which, indeed, his qualities of mind and heart, but not of temperament, peculiarly fitted him.—He was born on the 25th day of December, 1801, at Newtown, Long Island. His father, for whom he was named, was an earnest Methodist, and, with his own name, gave his son that of Wesley. From his mother, doubtless, came that kindliness of humor which never forsook him, and which made the last days, like all the days of his life, so cheerful and serene. Wesley had always a fond remembrance of his early home, and although the domestic discipline in the family of a hard-working Methodist farmer, in the days when that Church was full of the missionary spirit, was probably severe, it was that severity of affection which does not cloud the memory, and for which, indeed, a filial and pious spirit is always grateful. One of Wesley's pleasant pictures of his childhood was his lying upon the hay in the field or in the barn, and reading to an old black man, one of his father's workmen. "It is many a long year since I have seen him," he said; "but I know that I shall see him in heaven."

Wesley Harper was the third child of his parents, and was always a delicate boy. His two older brothers, James and John, left their father's house when Wesley was about ten years of age, and while he was yet a youth they had begun business together as printers and publishers, under the style of J. & J. Harper. Before he was twenty he was apprenticed, with his younger brother Fletcher, to the older brothers, and mastered the trade of printing. He was a skillful proof-reader, and in the course of this duty he became familiar with much of the best English literature, which was carefully read by him in the reprints of the house. As foreman of the composing-room, he was brought into personal contact with men who, in those days of hard drinking, were often turbulent and troublesome; but he had no trouble. He was slight in figure, and had not the remarkable muscular power of his brothers. But he had the force of moral firmness, a singularly persuasive manner, and that unaffected regard for men, independent of their condition, which is instantly felt by them; and these gave him an ascendency in his department which enabled him to keep the peace without harshness or ill-will.

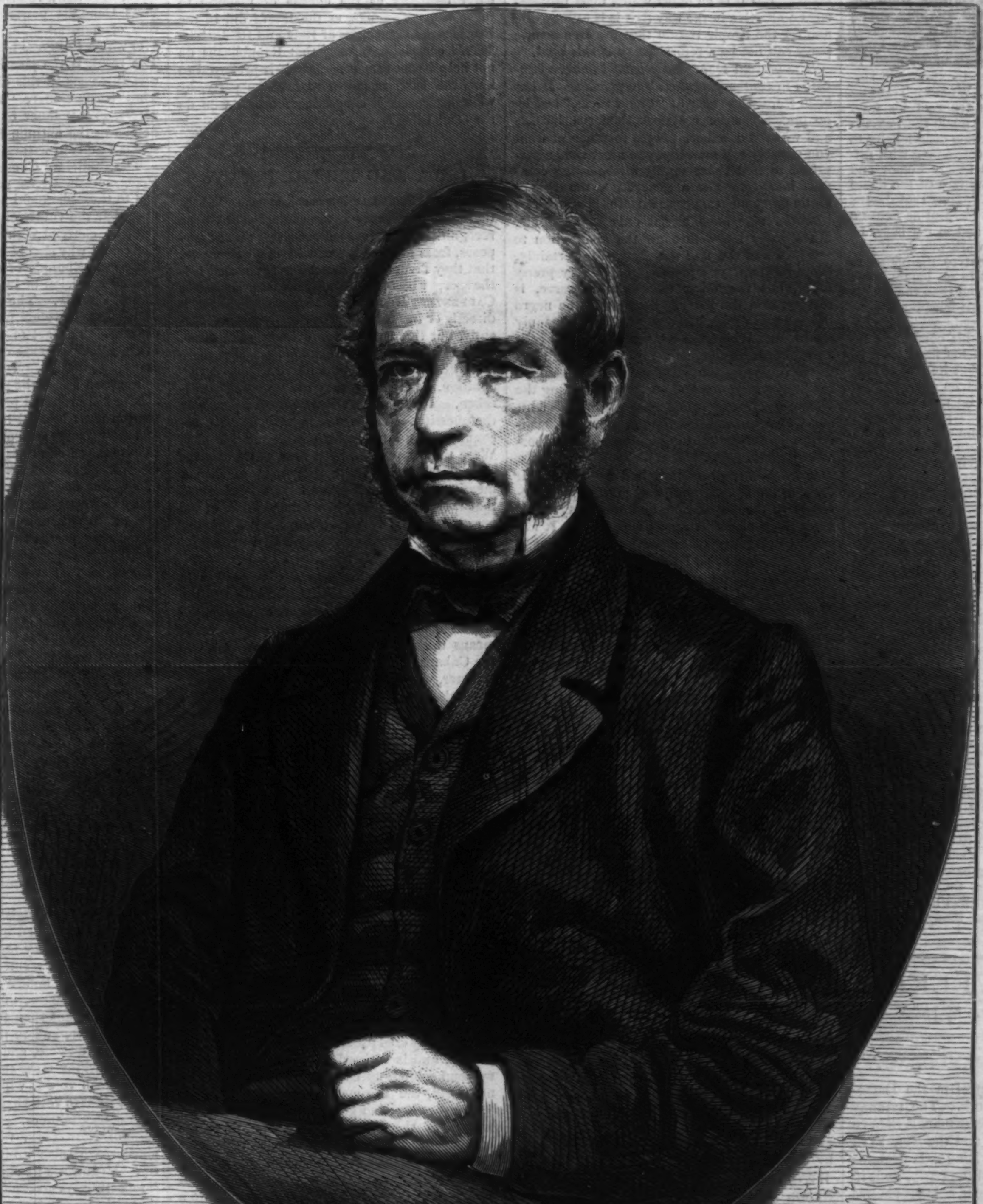
Before 1825 Wesley and Fletcher had become partners in the house, and the style was changed to Harper & Brothers. They were all practical printers, and the success of the firm as publishers was already remarkable. Sagacious, untiring, devoted strictly to their business, the operations of the house were constantly extended, and its intercourse by correspondence was most courteous and kindly, for Wesley was the correspondent, and his letters, embracing a wide variety of subjects and addressed to persons of every kind of temperament, were remarkable for the same urbanity of manner and intelligent clearness of statement that marked his personal intercourse. His health was still delicate, and he was carefully temperate in all his habits. But temperance was not a trial, for he had a natural rectitude which seemed to spare him all moral struggles.

The religious influences of his father's house were seed dropped into a kindly soil. The young man early connected himself with the Methodist Church, and in all its multitude of adherents there could be none of a truer humility and a sincerer piety than Wesley Harper. He seemed to feel the same affectionate pride in it that George Herbert cherished for the Church of England. He was a class-leader, and always a most liberal and devoted member. But the shy humility that was his crowning grace kept him silent and unobtrusive. He did not exhort nor declaim. Faithful and constant in his attendance at church, and most generous in his support of all its enterprises, his devotion was deep but not noisy. His ceaseless charity, his patience, his simplicity and friendliness, were his religious rites—his whole life was his great act of worship. The services of his Church and the spirit of its members strongly moved him, and he went often in Brooklyn, where he lived, to share in the worship of the colored brethren, delighting in its fervor and fullness of expression. Doubtless he liked to recognize the divine Fatherhood by identifying himself in religious feeling and aspiration with his human brothers of the lowest estate.

He thanked God that he was a Methodist; but there was probably never a man so affectionately and firmly attached to his own religious denomination who was so truly liberal and free from all taint of bigotry. He held to his own sect, but as one believing that in his Father's house were many mansions. Sectarian arrogance was as impossible to him as social arrogance. If you watched him on Sunday, you saw that he went to the Methodist church. If you watched him every day in the year, you saw that he was a good man.

Soon after joining the firm he married and settled in Brooklyn, and gradually a large family clustered around him. The business prospered. As the correspondent of the house, he was brought in contact with men of every kind, and his acquaintance was very wide. His shrewd observation, his retentive memory, and his genial humor made his reminiscences of noted persons very charming. The impression made by him upon all who came to the office was that of an intelligent, courteous, and most unassuming man. But it was well said that if the question were asked, which is the head of the house, which is *the* Harper, and who are the brothers? the only accurate answer was, "Either one is Harper, and all the rest are the brothers."

Such fraternal harmony in business is remarkable. The action of the house was the result of mutual counsel, in which the singularly sound judgment of Wesley, his knowledge of men, his general intelligence, were indispensable. For, although of the utmost courtesy and manly gentleness, he was a man of clear insight into character, and curiously impatient of pretense. The constant lambent humor that played over the whole surface of his life often touched folly and affectation with a kindly satire that showed how truly they were perceived. Wesley Harper's goodness was not a sweetness without flavor. No man had a keener eye for the facts of human life and character. He was universally beloved by all



THE LATE JOSEPH WESLEY HARPER.—[Photographed by Gurney.]

those who were employed by the firm; and the secret of their great regard was not merely his kindness of manner, it was his real humanity. He treated them as a man associating with men, not merely as a master with his workmen. He won their confidence, and they discovered that they had found a friend. Every morning he appeared quietly in every department, loitering from case to case, from bench to bench, and group to group, stopping to chat, or to note the "copy," or to look over the proof, or to see, with his mild eye, that there was no lagging or confusion. That tranquil presence will be a remembered benediction in every room. A few days before he died one of the oldest and most trusted of the persons employed by the house went to see him, and WESLEY bade him good-by, and begged him, if ever in word or manner he had seemed harsh, to believe that he had not meant unkindly, and to forgive him. "I told him," said the faithful fellow-laborer, "that if there was any thing to forgive, it was not upon my side." Another said, whose position enabled him to observe closely WESLEY'S character as a business man, "I have known him for forty years, and he is spotless."

So the prosperous and pleasant years passed away. He built a spacious house in Brooklyn, full of sunshine without and within. To one who loved him it seemed, as a man's chosen home should, a kind of image of himself. He still went away from it occasionally upon some short voyage for his health, but whenever he returned he quietly resumed his old habits at the office. For some time he believed himself to be seriously ill; but it was not until the winter of last year that a sudden and startling attack warned him of his condition, and a subsequent careful investigation showed him that he could not recover, and that his death might occur at any moment. But whatever inexpressible sorrow this brought to others, WESLEY HARPER tranquilly kept the noiseless tenor of his way. When he was a little better he made short excursions into the country, and came occasionally to the office. He sat quietly, conversing with difficulty, and with all the old kindly humor and charity, his interest in the welfare of the house unabated, saying pleasantly, "Now that JAMES is gone, how can I be spared?" But he went no more into the work-rooms, and in his heart he knew, as all knew, that his work was done.

Then came the confinement to the house, to the room, to the bed. But in no happy home was there a more cheerful room than the chamber of the dying man. All his friends came to it and went away as with a blessing. To his religious brethren who sought his confidence he spoke with manly humility of his filial trust in God, and of his satisfaction that he had always professed his faith. But this he said only to those who invited it. Upon no man did WESLEY HARPER ever intrude his inmost, sacred convictions. At last, and from day to day, he seemed almost to hover between life and death. But he had made every arrangement for the end, had even named his pall-bearers—four of his friends in the Sands Street Methodist Church, and four of his friends employed by the firm—and he affectionately invited all, in every department of the business, to attend his funeral. On Sunday afternoon, the 13th, a friend called, but learning that he was not so well, would not go up stairs. Mr. HARPER hearing the name, sent a humorous message of love. On Monday morning, February 14, he seemed to be refreshed by the night's rest. But at about half past seven he asked his sister, who was with him, to raise the window, for he did not breathe freely. She did so, and gave him a little drink. He thanked her, smiled upon her with the old familiar tenderness, and closed his eyes. She saw the change, and stepped into the next room to call the others. But it was too late. Without a sigh WESLEY HARPER had died as peacefully as he had lived.

He was buried from the Sands Street Church, with which he had been long associated; and the great congregation, a throng of sincere and sorrowing friends, needed only to remember what he was to feel how truly a good life conquers death; while in their own greater charity and patience and fidelity hereafter those who knew WESLEY HARPER will always feel his influence, and perceive that a good man, though dead, yet speaketh.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1870.

THE NEW YORK DEMOCRACY.

THERE is a violent quarrel in the Democratic party in New York. The tyranny and corruption of the Tammany managers have at last produced a reaction, and the New York *World* cries, down with the Ring! It declares that the Ring has debauched the party, and, if not destroyed, that it will ruin it. It prophesies that unless the power of the Ring is broken the Democrats will lose the State next fall, and that the Ring will be as fatal to it in 1872 as the Chicago peace platform was in 1864, or the Tammany repudiation platform in 1868. The *World* says a great many true things of the lamentable and alarming consequences of the supremacy of the Ring, and summons all honest Democrats to the rescue. It hopes for the co-operation of honest Republicans also; and as the *Tribune* is doubtful how long the virtue of the *World* will hold out, it turns and rends Mr. GREELEY by name, rather inconsistently charging him both with corrupt complicity with the Ring and with favoring its continuance that its enormous offenses may strengthen the Republican party.

But surely the *World* can not forget that the Ring has obtained power partly by the strenuous support of the *World*. It has not forgotten, of course, that one of the most flagrant crimes of the Ring was the naturalization frauds of 1868, nor that the *World* sneered at the attempt to expose and to defeat them. Neither, of course, does the *World* forget that it supported the Chicago candidates placed upon the platform which it now taunts; and that it most zealously sustained the Tammany candidate of 1868 who stood upon the platform of the Convention. These things it did as a party organ; and in doing them it did the work of the Ring which controlled its party in the city of New York, and which had nominated Mr. HOFFMAN as Governor.

The *World's* explanation of this course is, that much as it disliked the Ring, it believed the success of the Republican party to be a greater mischief than that of the Democratic party with the Ring attached. But it alleges that it is now possible to detach the Ring, and consequently it blows its bugle. And for what purpose does it sound the charge? To save this State in the autumn of 1870 and the country in 1872 to the Democratic party. It hopes that the honest Democrats, for the sake of the party, will overthrow the Ring, and restore purity to the elections and decency to the city government. But it is an effort which must necessarily be abortive in the way that it is attempted; and for the simple reason that the Democratic party can not be a reform party of this kind.

The present Democratic party has been educated in contempt of morals in politics. It has been trained to sneer at "moral ideas," and by no preacher more zealously than the *World;* and when you exhort people to sneer at what you vaguely call morality, you must not be surprised to find them totally disregarding common honesty. For a generation the Democratic party was taught to sustain slavery. The teachers may have meant only State rights, but a party looks through the abstraction to the fact, and the fact was slavery. Certainly, State rights, if you please; it is a very pretty fence, but the thing fenced, we observe, is slavery, said the party. So we had the negro decried and derided in every foul and unmanly strain—the *World*, since it became what it calls Democratic, leading the cry. We had slavery advocated upon religious and economical grounds. Injustice and unspeakable wrong the Democratic leaders tried to laugh out of sight, or to hide under what they called the Constitution, and their teaching was the most demoralizing conceivable.

This policy, of course, had its effect. It drew to the Democratic party all the worst elements in the population, and the party relied upon those elements for its successes. It was absurd to suppose that a party so trained could have any high regard for honesty of administration in any department. The party justly argued that, if it is Christian and constitutional to sell black men, it can not be very unchristian and unconstitutional to cheat white men. The Democratic training was justified of its children. In its chief stronghold, the city of New York, sneering at an honest recognition of the fundamental rights of man, relying upon the ignorance and pandering to the prejudices of the most degraded population, the leaders have constantly confirmed their power, until their government has become one vast and notorious system of corruption.

The *World* proposes to break this power by appealing to those who make it. Its theory of the Ring seems to be that it is strong by Republican support, and that "the rule of the people" will cure all. This is to be done, apparently, by abolishing the commissions. But the commissions were established at the request of members of both parties, who found the condition of affairs in the city under the general plan which the *World* now favors intolerable. Men like FERNANDO WOOD were elected Mayor, and the Mayor appointed the police. The party that had been trained upon negro hating elected a demagogue, and the peace of the city was in his keeping. What reason is there to suppose that that party is less ignorant, less liable to be led by demagogues than before? Why should any one who knows the rank and file of the Democratic party in this city suppose that they would rather be led by Mr. TILDEN, the *World*, and the gentlemen of the Manhattan Club, than by Mr. SWEENY and Mr. TWEED? This the *World* does not show. But until this can be shown, generalization about the rule of New York "filched" from the people, and the "rule of the people" as the remedy, is pointless.

The lawful and only hopeful peaceful remedy of the evils of the condition here lies in the hearty co-operation of "the honest Democrats," as the *World* calls them, with the Republicans. But this is not acceptable to the *World*. It proposes its change as a party measure. It would destroy the Ring, that the party may not be too heavily "handicapped" in the Presidential race of 1872. It begins, therefore, by repelling Republican assistance. The work is to be done by "honest Democrats," that the Republicans may be beaten in the State in 1870 and in the country in 1872. If it can push the matter so far as to bring separate candidates into the field, however, it will undoubtedly appeal to Republican support. It will tell us that we can not elect any man of our own in the city, and that an honest Democrat is certainly better than a dishonest one.

So he is; but for ourselves we remember that upon this principle we supported Mr. HOFFMAN for Mayor against FERNANDO WOOD, and were rewarded by the infamous proclamation in regard to the frauds, and by the confirmation of the power of this very Ring, of which Mr. HOFFMAN, as the signature of the monstrous Erie bill shows, is the willing instrument.

And why did this happen? Or why should we suppose it would happen again? Because the ultimate reliance of the leaders of the Democratic party is upon its worst elements. It is typified by that absurd spectacle which was reported last year of Mr. OAKEY HALL, as Mayor of New York, masquerading in a green suit on St. Patrick's Day to cajole the least intelligent of the Irish, for the more intelligent despised the performance, of course, as heartily as all other sensible citizens. The Ring probably understands the mass of the Democratic voters better than the *World;* and that mass controls the party. Consequently, if, in full view of the history and training and composition of that party, Republicans should give their votes to Democratic candidates, in the hope of reform, they would give them to those who will plead party necessity as the excuse of yielding to those worst elements, as the *World* did in the Presidential campaigns of 1864 and 1868. The *World* complains bitterly that Republicans do not help its movement. But if it preferred to keep the Ring in power to save its party, by what logic does it complain of others who do the same thing?

CUBA AND BELLIGERENCY.

SENATOR SHERMAN is a cautious man. When, therefore, he appears as the champion of Cuban recognition, it is fair to believe either that he supposes, from his intercourse with other Senators, that they favor it, or that he is persuaded it is the secret wish of the Administration. Senators CARPENTER, HOWE, and MORTON plead for it directly or indirectly. They approach it differently, but their purpose is evidently the same. All these gentlemen perhaps believe that there is a strong public opinion which demands recognition. If they do, they are profoundly mistaken. There is very little public interest in the question. The Senators have read the accounts of the late Cuban meeting in this city. Were they impressed by it as a manifestation of real feeling? Have they read of similar meetings elsewhere? And have they observed that there is a society just formed here, at the very seat of the Cuban Junta, for the purpose of arousing public sympathy and interest for Cuba?

General BANKS has offered a resolution in the House of Representatives authorizing the President to maintain a strict neutrality in the Cuban contest. If this means any thing, it means the recognition of belligerent rights to the Cubans. And if so, we ask, as we did last summer, why not say frankly what you mean? If gentlemen in the Senate and the House are of opinion that there is *such* a contest—for a contest nobody denies—as to justify recognition—that there is a responsible republican government in Cuba, exercising actual authority, to which we may look in case of trouble—in a word, that the prolonged disturbances in Cuba have become a war of such proportions and with such results that we may honorably and with moral justification take the risk of a war with Spain by recognition, then, by all that is sacred in national honor, let us distinctly acknowledge the belligerent rights of the Cubans in arms.

Senator CARPENTER says that war exists, and that we may safely say so; and that the United States, by tendering its good offices, has virtually said so, and thereby has really recognized belligerency. The Senator's argument is, that whenever a government can not keep the peace by civil process, but resorts to its war powers, and is resisted, war exists. Then, if we send soldiers to Utah, and the Mormons do not yield, the European powers may declare that war exists, and govern themselves accordingly. If there is a war, he says there are belligerents, and to say so is only to state a fact. But this is a position which would hardly be gravely urged to its conclusions, for it would erect every prolonged insurrection into a war, and involve every nation in the disturbance of every other. A belligerent, in an international sense, is not a certain number of people fighting, but a certain organized authority attesting itself by its acts. In other words, there is a regular, visible government behind the fighting. Does Senator CARPENTER believe that there is any such belligerent in Cuba?

Unquestionably there is some kind of fighting in Cuba, and an immense lying about it on all sides. Spain has sent soldiers to the island, and has built and equipped gun-boats; and the insurgents, apparently of a guerrilla kind, have met them in one or two battles, but have been generally inaccessibly posted in the hill country. There is a constitution published, and a form of civil government. Does any body believe that there is any part of the island of Cuba in which justice is administered by judges and courts under that republican authority? Is it not unquestionably the fact that the constitution and the form of government have been improvised for the purpose of presenting to the United States an apparent basis of belligerent recognition, in the hope that by such recognition Cuba might be separated from Spain; not for the purpose of establishing that government, but that the island may be annexed to the United States?

If Congress honestly believes that the Cuban insurgents are in a true and received sense belligerents, let it say so. But let it demand some other evidence than the fact that there has been a virtually passive resistance to Spain continued for more than a year. And when it has proclaimed "neutrality," let it not complain if foreign powers do the same when, under Mr. CULLOM'S bill, we send the army to Utah.

NATURALIZATION AND THE REGISTRY.

FRAUDULENT naturalization has become so notorious, especially in the city of New York, the great dépôt of immigration, that it is evident the system ought to be abandoned as a farce, or wholly reformed. The Constitution gives Congress power to establish a uniform rule of naturalization; but the State courts, over which Congress has no control, naturalize. The result is the pleasing spectacle offered by certain courts in this city just before election. They become mere "mills" for grinding out voters, in a manner of which we exposed the details in the autumn of 1868, when the monstrous frauds in naturalization occurred.

The Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives have prepared a bill to put an end to these shameful proceedings. They propose that the courts of the United States alone shall be charged with the duty of naturalization; and why should any good citizen object? They are tribunals of the best character, and beyond suspicion of interest in maladministration of the law. The Judges do not, like our Judges, make voters for themselves in making citizens. The act of admission to citizenship is essentially a grave one, and should be most carefully guarded. It is enough that it is not so guarded under the present system.

The bill proposed provides that notice of intention must be filed in a United States court, and after four years' continuous residence a certificate may issue to take effect six months afterward. This secures the substantial intention of any law of naturalization. But it has been amusingly attacked, in the most vociferous manner, as "a villainous scheme for weakening the Democratic party at the next Presidential election," by a paper which a few days afterward discovered that it did no such thing, because aliens need not be naturalized to become voters. If the State of New York, for instance, chooses to allow every inhabitant to vote, it is difficult to see how it can be prevented from doing so. But it by no means follows, as the same paper asserts, that "Congress can not meddle with the qualifications of voters" for national or State officers. It certainly can and would meddle in case any State should impose qualifications incompatible with a republican government, which it is bound to secure to every State, and of which it is necessarily the judge. It is a misfortune that, under the Constitution, even the electors of President and of Congress are of unequal qualification. One State may allow a foreigner who landed yesterday to vote for President, and the next State may require a residence of ten years, and proved familiarity with the language of the country.

The value of a registry to an honest election is sufficiently proved by the constant hostility of the Ring, and by the party which profits by the Ring. Every voter who respects his own rights and an honest expression of the will of the people, sees, of course, that nothing is more important than to ascertain who are entitled to vote, and to take care that they, and no others, do vote, and vote but once. Surely it is not asking more than every man who cares for his own vote is willing to grant, that every man's right to vote shall be verified in the most satisfactory manner. The "honest" Legislature of New York, which is considering the charter, will also probably destroy the registry. Meanwhile its chief members declare that "repeating" is notorious. It was even alleged that the Speaker had been elected by enormous frauds. Let us see, then, with all its fine professions of faith in the people, what the Legislature will do to secure an honest expression of the people's will.

CURRENT COMEDY.

MR. FERNANDO WOOD has recently expressed in Congress his nervous apprehension lest there should be trading in West Point appointments. Nothing but the sternest rectitude in all public affairs will satisfy this statesman. Money-making in politics draws out his most eloquent denunciation, and his gate of political purity is so straight and narrow that very few can enter in thereat. Mr. Fernando Wood's praise of political integrity is the best thing in comedy since Mr. Joseph Surface's commendation of the moral virtues.

But there are comic touches in the Sweeny charter which are almost as exquisite, and they occur, as might be supposed, in the Excise article. Thus the Tammany Ring, through their agents, the Mayor and Aldermen, are to appoint the Board of Excise; and such is the sensitive regard of the charter to the public welfare that it empowers the Board "to grant licenses to any person of good moral character." It does not, indeed, forbid the permission to persons of an immoral turn; but it is easy to see that none such will apply. The persons of good moral character who are thus licensed are to be particular and prevent all disturbance upon their premises, and are to summon the police, and the offenders are to be removed. But if nothing of the kind is done, why, then—the persons of good moral character must be considered "desartless."

Then we come to the purest humor conceivable, the truly genteel comedy. It is expressly forbidden to the aforesaid persons of good moral character or otherwise to sell liquor to an apprentice or to a minor under eighteen, knowing or having probable cause to believe him to be such, without the consent of the apprentice's master or mistress, or of the minor's parent or guardian. What a tender picture does not this provision suggest of the moral merchant at the frequent corners of the avenues and of every other street in town, solemnly requiring his younger customers not to drink if they are not yet chartered libertines, putting them upon their honor to take back their money if they may not lawfully drink the liquors of "every choice variety" which he, in his capacity of person of good moral character, is authorized to sell to those who are authorized to buy! This is one of the provisions of the charter which is sure to be universally enforced. It is, perhaps, the most impregnable of the ramparts which the charter erects around the public virtue.

Once more, by another section, the moral persons are authorized to keep their "places" quiet and orderly, and on Sundays closed; *but* nothing shall be construed as hostile to the entertainment by taverns of the traveling public upon Sunday "in the mode usual therein." What a traveling public Sunday will disclose! Moreover, at the places in which the moral person resides, and which are to be closed on Sundays, nothing shall be construed as hostile tó peaceable ingress and egress—of whom and for what purpose is not stated. It would injure the comic effect. Nor must any thing be construed as hostile to the consumption of lager beer sold by moral persons in gardens, provided that the interests of religion and morality are consulted by not allowing such gardens within a quarter of a mile of a church!

Surely religion and morality could ask for no more. If there be any body who does not see that all this shows a resolution to save society from the grog-shop, to encourage persons of good moral character, and to foster religion and morality, we doubt, also, if he would be able to appreciate the austere political virtue of the Honorable Fernando Wood.

DEMOCRATIC ECONOMY.

The Hon. William F. Allen, Comptroller of the State of New York, is a gentleman of high character, and he owes to himself as well as to the public an explanation of the fact that, under the laws of the State, he has allowed Mr. Peter B. Sweeny to retain the sum of $46,726 91 for drawing his check to pay into the State treasury the proportion of the State tax due from the county of New York for 1868, and $36,318 39 for the same service in the following year. When Mr. Allen was elected Comptroller a law was passed, in a provision to the county tax levy, that the compensation of the treasurer should be a half of one per cent. upon the money that he officially received, and the same upon that which he paid out, "but not exceeding ten thousand dollars per annum from the county treasury." This would seem to be plain enough. And in his report Mr. Allen says that the practice has been to allow the treasurers to retain one per cent., not exceeding a specified sum; but he says also that, as the demands have increased, it is doubted whether under the laws county treasurers are entitled to payment from the State treasury, except where, as in one or two cases, there has been express legislative permission; and in this doubt he concurs. How, then, does it happen that Mr. Sweeny has received a sum so enormous?

Upon the plea that by the law he is to have one per cent. upon the whole amount received and paid, and that the law merely limits the amount of his compensation *from the county treasury* to ten thousand dollars, leaving, by implication, the rest to be paid from the State treasury! But the law of 1863 provides that the compensation of county treasurers for this service shall not exceed two thousand dollars; and when Mr. Daniel Devlin, despite the law, insisted upon retaining one per cent., which was formerly allowed, the Court of Appeals decided against him, and maintained the law of 1863. The question, therefore, is, whether, under the law of 1868, allowing a compensation of one per cent., "but not exceeding ten thousand dollars per annum from the county treasury," the treasurer is limited to that amount, or may receive one per cent. of the whole, of which not more than ten thousand must be paid by the county.

A writer in the *Evening Post* pertinently inquires whether the later act, specifying the limit of the amount to be paid from the county treasury, supercede that of 1863, specifying two thousand dollars as the limit of the amount to be paid from the State treasury. And even if it does, may the Chamberlain retain it? Must he not first pay it to the Comptroller, and then receive it by a direct appropriation? Moreover, can an act regulating the financial arrangements of a county be construed as meaning to take money from the State treasury?

Here are very serious questions. They are of a kind that justify and demand delay and judicial construction. But Mr. Comptroller Allen grants to Mr. Peter B. Sweeny the utmost amount claimed, while stating in his report that it is important that the subject should be definitely settled by law. While it is still indefinite, why does he allow such an enormous claim? That is the question which the Comptroller ought to answer. Nor is it any explanation to say that there are "exceptions created by express legislation," unless he means that the provision of 1868 is an exception of the kind. It is obvious, however, that it is not necessarily so, and can not be made so but by judicial interpretation, except by a Comptroller who is unwilling to refuse. There are men in the Democratic party of whom no explanation of such a course would be expected by any body; but Mr. Allen is not one of them.

THE SITUATION.

The plan recommended by the Committee of Ways and Means of the House of Representatives of cutting down the internal revenue to the extent of some thirty millions of dollars may be regarded as the expression of an opinion against Mr. Boutwell's funding scheme. The recent loan put upon the European market by Russia, and the rate of interest prevailing in many of the money centres of Europe, have undoubtedly satisfied the Committee that Mr. Boutwell's scheme is wholly impracticable. The Russian loan, although bearing 5 per cent. interest, was offered at £80 for each £100, or at about 6¼ per cent. interest. It commands already a premium of 2½ per cent., due to the fact that the total of bids was greatly in excess of the amount required.

The standing of Russia throughout Europe is good, owing to the punctuality with which her payments were met during her recent war, to the firmness with which the Emperor is seated in power, to her exemption from the danger of conquest by other nations, and to her vast territorial possessions. As our people have been steadily running up a debt to Europe since the war to an amount which now reaches two hundred and ten millions of dollars per annum, as our financial policy has not been improved by cutting down our excess of paper-money, and as the amount paid for interest on our bonds held abroad is much less than the annual score we allow to run up, it can not be said that either our ability or our willingness to stand the burden of our enormous debt has yet been proved to the satisfaction of capitalists in Europe. All expectation, therefore, of placing a four and a half per cent. loan at par at present must be treated as the Committee of Ways and Means has determined.

It is undoubtedly true that the Secretary of the Treasury has had assurances that such a loan could be placed abroad if a sufficient discount were allowed, and the bonds were made payable in the money of important European states; but it will be found on investigation that the desire for commissions has had great influence, and that there would be close scrutiny into our situation on the part of the capitalists who stand behind which would prevent the required subscriptions.

The United States is yet to encounter the severe experience of paying interest without at the same incurring a larger debt. When Europe shall refuse to trust us to the extent of our new annual indebtedness, or we ourselves shall abandon the extravagance which occasions this annual charge, we shall be competent to estimate the true effect of the debt upon our population. There can be no improvement in our condition until, having passed through this experience, we shall have demonstrated what is the temper and spirit of the people on this subject. Mr. Boutwell expects this to be assumed; the creditor requires that it shall be proved.

We have already shown, in previous articles, that the policy pursued by the Treasury of pressing down gold, without at the same time improving our paper-currency in a corresponding degree, has had a powerful effect in lowering the currency price of our exportable products, and that the whole West is suffering from its influence. Cotton has felt the power of the Treasury to some extent, and it will be impossible for the planter to maintain the price of this staple if the sales of gold shall be continued through the spring.

The apparent abundance of gold is due to the fact that, on each succeeding sale, the purchaser takes from the Sub-treasurer a certificate of its deposit in the Treasury instead of moving the gold itself, and hence our banks appear to be loaded with it as well as the Treasury.

These certificates now amount to over fifty millions of dollars, for which there is but little demand except to pay duties; and in the absence of a foreign demand for balances gold remains a drug upon the market, which the Treasury for the moment can beat down at its pleasure. Sales of exchange in Wall Street, founded upon telegraphic sales of bonds in London, were made on Friday, showing that the foreigner is still content to allow his balances to remain in this country instead of taking them to London, where only 2¾ to 3 per cent. interest can now be earned.

It appears, however, from the showing of the London *Economist*, that there is a perceptible improvement in the industry of England, due to cheaper cotton and to cheap bread, as well as to better rewards for what they manufacture; and it may be that the want of capital in England may be increased. It must be evident, however, that whether the improvement will be sufficient to turn the flow of capital toward Europe or not, it is in the highest degree imprudent for us to be induced by the forbearance of the creditor to go on recklessly in increasing our permanent indebtedness.

The state of trade in all parts of the Union excites some anxiety. The West abstains from buying because their fall stocks remain on the shelves, and collections have been light. The success of trade there turns upon the profits of agriculture; and as they have been very small in the most favored regions, purchases are made only to supply immediate and pressing wants. The South and Southwest are represented in the market by a few customers; but they also buy sparingly, being doubtful about the price of cotton for the remainder of the season. If there were a certainty that the price at which it has been sold by speculators for delivery in the spring could be maintained, the South would be active purchasers of goods; but the doubt produces caution, as it is supposed that cotton goods, and indeed many other articles, would sympathize with the fall if it take place.

The prosperity of the English depends, as their press asserts, upon cheap cotton and breadstuffs. Their whole financial power is used to give them this advantage, and to depress both articles in the United States. These efforts have been met in the South, for the protection of their great staple, with courage, skill, and, up to a late period, with success. So far as concerns the exports of the North, there were none to afford protection, and slaughter was easy, as it was aided by the action of the Treasury.

Had there been steadiness in gold at a premium fixed with due regard to the extent of our paper circulation, the North would have sold its grain to the foreigner, and converted the proceeds into currency at the rate at which the currency circulated when the expense of production was incurred; but by reason of the large difference—wheat having been produced when gold was at 35 per cent. premium, and sold when at 20—enormous losses have been made by the great farming interest, which have been communicated to dealers of every description.

The future of trade for this season depends largely upon the action of the Treasury and of Congress. It is to be hoped that Western members will not urge inflation as a remedy. If the currency shall be made to correspond in quantity with the present price of gold, fluctuation in its market price, extending to the whole trade and industry of the country, will be avoided.

NOTES.

A very shrewd observer writes: "I see it is reported that the Duke of Argyle is to go to America to act as negotiator in the *Alabama* affair. I shall be sorry if this turns out to be the case. He is not solid enough for such a position. He would go with good feeling, and with a real wish to settle the matter; but he would be afraid of yielding as much as a strong man would be quite ready to yield, and his vanity would be constantly on the alert lest he were to be taken in. He is a very good man for a Duke, but he is not an able statesman, and will never hold any but a second-rate position at home. He is keen as a Yankee, is, in fine, a sort of Americanized Duke; and to my mind Americanism and Ducality make a very poor mixture. If it were the Duchess who were to go I should have the best hope. She is altogether a different sort of man. '*Le Roi n'a qu'un seul homme—c'est la Reine.*'"

From Paris we hear that "the city is beginning to get over the late commotions. The season has thus far been intensely dull; but balls, dinners, and concerts have begun, and there is a long vista before us. Rochefort is but a pale reflex of the men who led the times of eighty years ago. The ministry has made and is making mistakes, but fewer than might be reasonably expected from such very inexperienced men. On the whole, things look encouraging, and seem to indicate that France is gliding, unknowingly, imperceptibly, into so much of a republic as she can manage. The condition of Spain has a singular influence on all thinking men on this side of the Pyrenees. Prevost-Paradol will go to Washington very soon, I think, as Minister. He is rather too Anglican just now, but a year or two in America will give him better ideas both for himself and his countrymen, whom he has such means of addressing as few writers in France possess."

Private accounts from Cadiz represent that city as full of exiled Cubans. "Cadiz," says a letter, "will soon be Cuba, if every mail steamer from Havana comes as full of the islanders as during the last two months. It is pitiful to see their condition. Ladies and gentlemen, recently of the greatest wealth, are actually begging for a living. As for Spain itself no man can foretell the future for a month. Montpensier is here spending time and money, but all to no purpose. He evidently does not know the deep hatred felt for him in Spain, and especially in Andalusia. The Republicans lose ground in the elections, and will unite with the Unionists. Business is suspended and paralyzed, and many persons are leaving the country, which is really in the hands of ambitious men."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

February 14.—In the Senate, the Mississippi bill was taken up and discussed at some length, without action.—In the House, a very large number of bills were introduced, but none of any importance was acted on.

February 15.—In the Senate, the bill for the abolition of the franking privilege was discussed. Mr. Morrill, of Vermont, made a long speech in support of various modifications in the bill as passed by the House, and when he had concluded, the debate on the admission of Mississippi was resumed, but no action was taken.—In the House no business of importance was transacted.

February 16.—In the Senate, the discussions of the day were on the bills providing artificial limbs for disabled soldiers, and for the admission of Mississippi. Neither was acted upon.—In the House, a resolution was introduced in relation to granting a bounty, for the next three years, on iron-built ships constructed in this country from American materials equal to the duties imposed on such materials if imported. Resolutions regarding Cuba and the enforcement of the Neutrality law were introduced by Mr. Banks and referred.

February 17.—In the Senate, the Mississippi bill was taken up as unfinished business, and at last disposed of. The amendment providing for the unconditional admission of the State was rejected, and the bill as it came from the House was passed.—In the House, a bill providing for the punishment of polygamy in Utah was taken up and discussed at some length, without coming to a vote.

February 18.—In the Senate, the ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment by Nebraska was announced. Among the bills introduced was one by Mr. Conkling to encourage the building of steamships in this country, and to provide for the transportation of the mails to Europe.—In the House, very little was done, most of the day being taken up with a discussion as to the order of business.

February 19.—In the Senate, resolutions passed by the Virginia Legislature, asking for a general removal of political disabilities in the State, were received and laid on the table.—The House occupied the day in a long debate on the Appropriation bill. A bill was introduced to provide stay of execution in certain cases, as a measure of relief against the recent legal-tender decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

In the Senate of the New York Legislature a bill has been introduced to repeal the act to appropriate excise moneys to sectarian schools. It was referred to the Committee on Municipal Affairs. Bills to abolish the Court of Special Sessions, the New York Board of Supervisors, and the Metropolitan Police Commission, have also been introduced.

General Santa Anna, who is now in Cuba, is trying to get back to Mexico, where his name is again made the rallying cry of a revolutionary party; but the Captain-General, while perfectly willing he should leave the island, will not permit him to sail for Mexico from a Cuban port.

On Sunday evening, February 13, Mr. Voorhies, a well-known citizen of Brooklyn, was shot and killed by one William Chambers while standing at the bar of a liquor saloon. The murder was entirely unprovoked. Chambers was at once arrested and locked up. The crime caused great excitement among the people of Brooklyn, who assembled in great numbers, declaring their intention of taking Chambers from the jail and lynching him. A regiment of troops was held in readiness during the evening to suppress any riotous demonstration, which, happily, did not occur.

San Francisco has enjoyed the sensation of another earthquake, and appears to be rather disappointed that it passed off without serious results.

FOREIGN NEWS.

February 15 Mr. Gladstone introduced in the British House of Commons an important Land-Reform bill for Ireland, which is said to have the hearty support of all the Irish members.

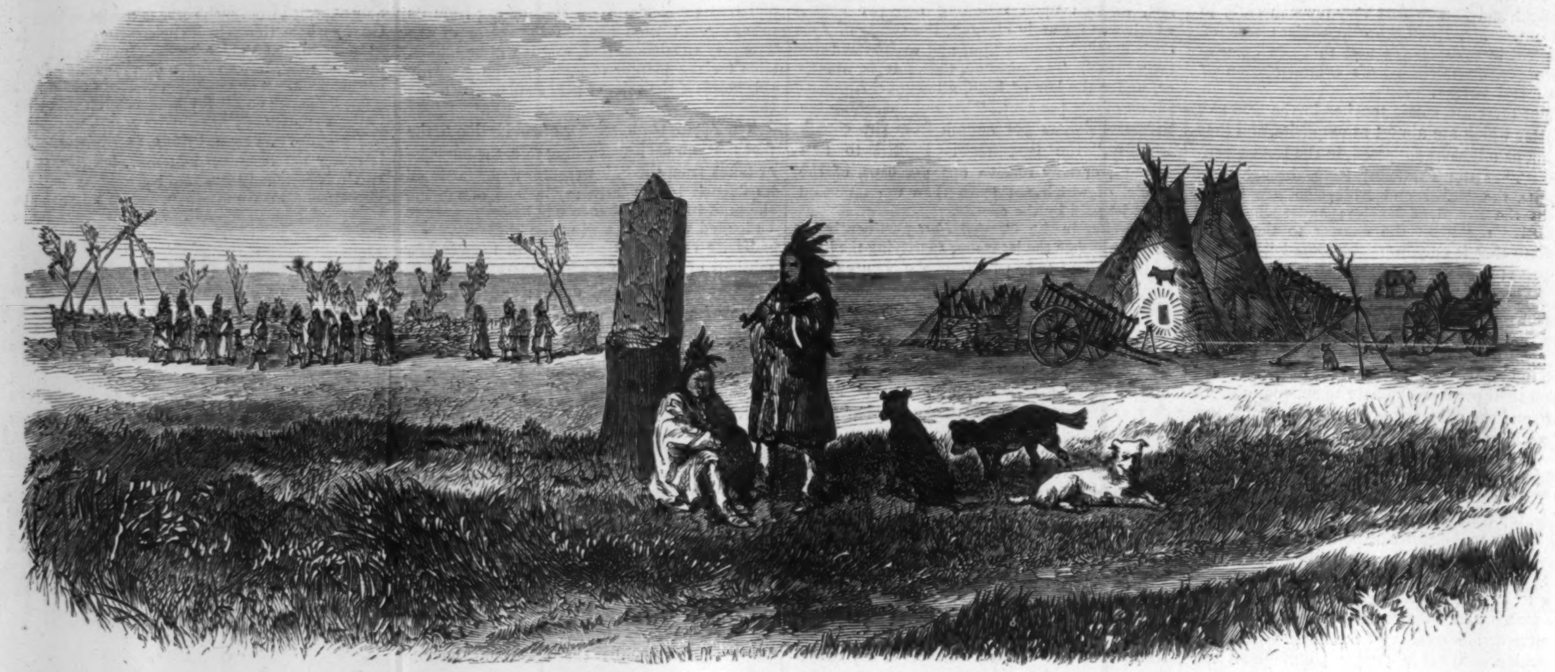
There have been no further riotous demonstrations in Paris, but public tranquillity is far from being assured. The prosecutions of the press continue, and several Parisian editors, among them Gustave Florens, have been convicted and sentenced to fine and imprisonment. The Paris correspondent of the *Times* telegraphs that the Government has positive proofs of a plot to assassinate the Emperor and Prince Imperial by means of bombs thrown into the Emperor's apartments at the Tuileries. Further concessions by the Emperor are reported, among them the relinquishment of the power to transport members of secret political societies.

Prince Pierre Bonaparte is to be tried before the High Court of Justice, which is to meet at Tours, March 21. In the indictment found against him by the High Court of France he is charged with having committed homicide on the person of Victor Noir, and to have attempted the homicide of Fonvielle. The order of the Court places the Prince under Article 304 of the Penal Code, the punishment of which is death, unless extenuating circumstances are shown, in which case the sentence can be lessened by two degrees.

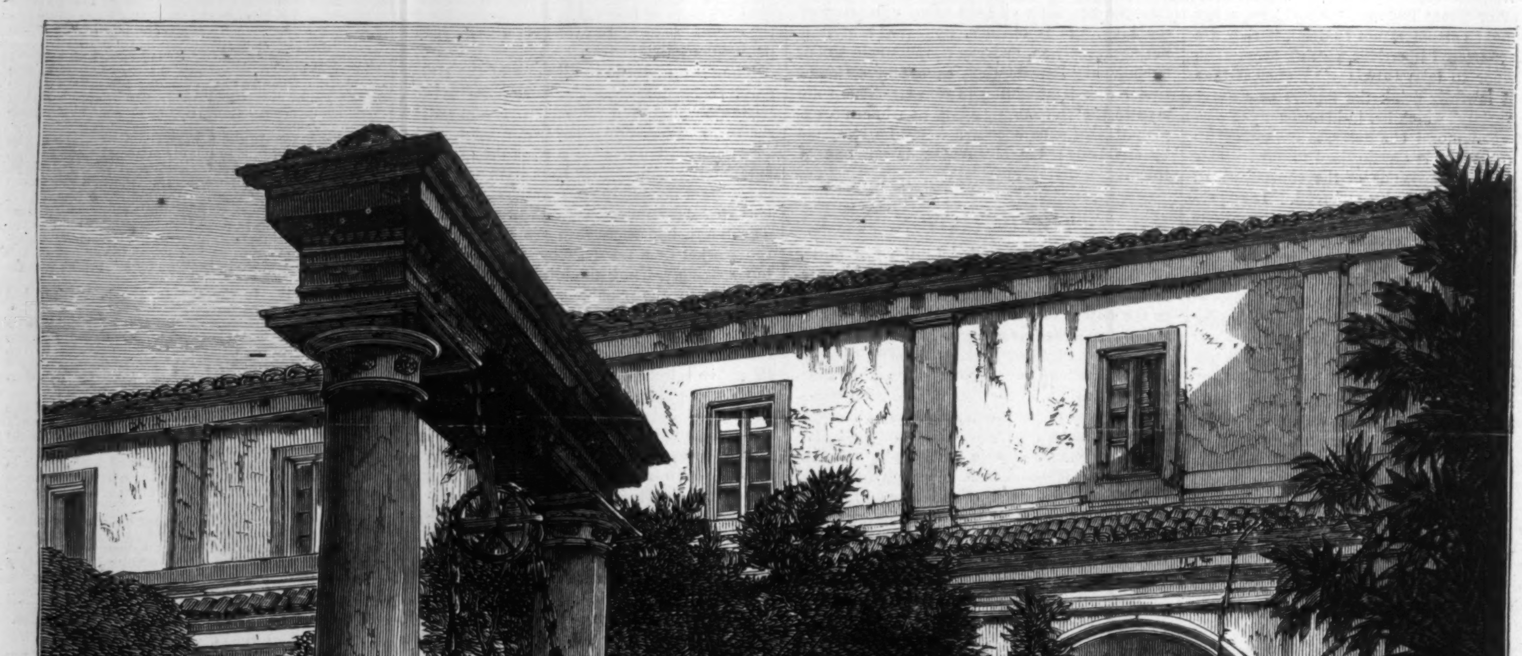
Carlist conspirators continue to agitate Spain, operating from the territory of France. The Duke of Montpensier again looms above the horizon as a candidate for the throne, and has written a letter in which he declares that "Spain is his country by tradition, adoption, and affection."

An educational bill for England and Wales has been introduced in the House of Commons, based on aid from the state, with compulsory rates to supply deficiencies.

The Swedish Diet has passed a law admitting Dissenters and Jews to political rights.



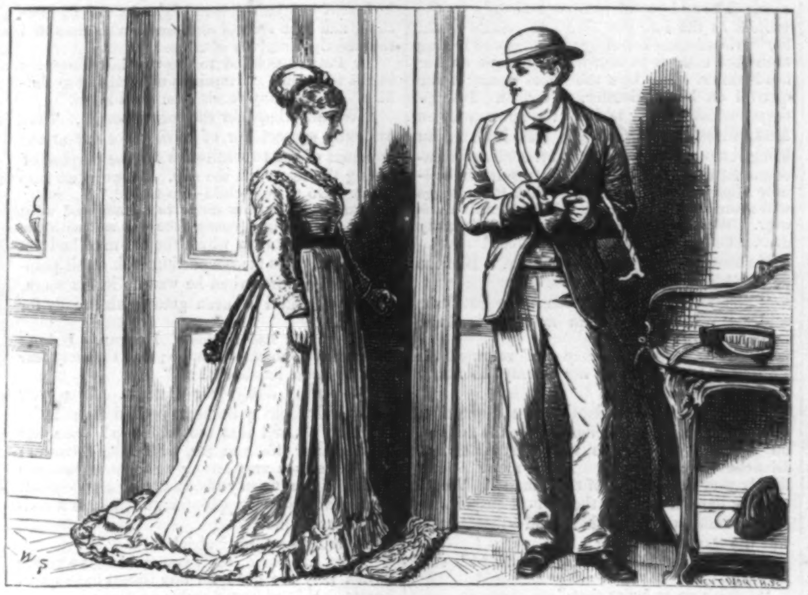
BOUNDARY POST BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND RUPERT'S LAND.—[See Page 149.]



THE CARTHUSIAN CONVENT AT ROME.—[See Page 151.]

RUPERT'S LAND.

Our first engraving on page 148 gives a view of the plains near Pembina, in the Red River country, with the boundary post erected there to mark the frontier between the United States and the British territory of Rupert's Land, where the French and Indian half-breed population recently attempted to inaugurate a revolution against the British authorities. The rich prairie is here traversed by a narrow road, which appears in the fore-ground. The sketch also furnishes an illustration of the habits and costumes of the Cree Indians of Rupert's Land. These are represented as walking in procession, headed by the Medicine Man, with the sacred rattle in hand, round an inclosure of willow branches, within which is celebrated a "Dog Feast," so called from their eating dog-meat on the occasion, and being a mixture of religious ceremony and social mirth. In the half-distance are their tents, made of dressed buffalo leather, with their badges or armorial bearings painted upon them. Beside these stand their carts, made without a particle of iron, and which are very strong, and so light as to be serviceable as rafts when deep water has to be crossed. In the fore-ground is a group of two young Indians in their gala costume, with their dogs, which in winter are used to drag sledges.



"DO YOU KNOW WHERE ANNE SILVESTER IS THIS MORNING?'

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1869, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

MAN AND WIFE.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FOURTH.

BACKWARD.

"Well?" whispered Blanche, taking her uncle confidentially by the arm.

"Well," said Sir Patrick, with a spark of his satirical humor flashing out at his niece, "I am going to do a very rash thing. I am going to place a serious trust in the hands of a girl of eighteen."

"The girl's hands will keep it, uncle—though she *is* only eighteen."

"I must run the risk, my dear; your intimate knowledge of Miss Silvester may be of the greatest assistance to me in the next step I take. You shall know all that I can tell you, but I must warn you first. I can only admit you into my confidence by startling you with a great surprise. Do you follow me, so far?"

"Yes! yes!"

"If you fail to control yourself, you place an obstacle in the way of my being of some future use to Miss Silvester. Remember that, and now prepare for the surprise. What did I tell you before dinner?"

"You said you had made discoveries at Craig Fernie. What have you found out?"

"I have found out that there is a certain person who is in full possession of the information which Miss Silvester has concealed from you and from me. The person is within our reach. The person is in this neighborhood. The person is in this room!"

He caught up Blanche's hand, resting on his arm, and pressed it significantly. She looked at him with the cry of surprise suspended on her lips—waited a little with her eyes fixed on Sir Patrick's face—struggled resolutely, and composed herself.

"Point the person out." She said the words with a self-possession which won her uncle's hearty approval. Blanche had done wonders for a girl in her teens.

"Look!" said Sir Patrick; "and tell me what you see."

"I see Lady Lundie, at the other end of the room, with the map of Perthshire and the Baronial Antiquities of Scotland on the table. And I see every body but you and me obliged to listen to her."

"Every body?"

Blanche looked carefully round the room, and noticed Geoffrey in the opposite corner; fast asleep by this time in his arm-chair.

"Uncle! you don't mean—?"

"There is the man."

"Mr. Delamayn—!"

"Mr. Delamayn knows every thing."

Blanche held mechanically by her uncle's arm, and looked at the sleeping man as if her eyes could never see enough of him.

"You saw me in the library in private consultation with Mr. Delamayn," resumed Sir Patrick. "I have to acknowledge, my dear, that you were quite right in thinking this a suspicious circumstance. And I am now to justify myself for having purposely kept you in the dark up to the present time."

With those introductory words, he briefly reverted to the earlier occurrences of the day, and then added, by way of commentary, a statement of the conclusions which events had suggested to his own mind.

The events, it may be remembered, were three in number. First, Geoffrey's private conference with Sir Patrick on the subject of Irregular Marriages in Scotland. Secondly, Anne Silvester's appearance at Windygates. Thirdly, Anne's flight.

The conclusions which had thereupon suggested themselves to Sir Patrick's mind were six in number.

First, that a connection of some sort might possibly exist between Geoffrey's acknowledged difficulty about his friend, and Miss Silvester's presumed difficulty about herself. Secondly, that Geoffrey had really put to Sir Patrick—not his own case—but the case of a friend. Thirdly, that Geoffrey had some interest (of no harmless kind) in establishing the fact of his friend's marriage. Fourthly, that Anne's anxiety (as described by Blanche) to hear the names of the gentlemen who were staying at Windygates, pointed, in all probability, to Geoffrey. Fifthly, that this last inference disturbed the second conclusion, and reopened the doubt whether Geoffrey had not been stating his own case, after all, under pretense of stating the case of a friend. Sixthly, that the one way of obtaining any enlightenment on this point, and on all the other points involved in mystery, was to go to Craig Fernie, and consult Mrs. Inchbare's experience during the period of Anne's residence at the inn. Sir Patrick's apology for keeping all this a secret from his niece followed. He had shrunk from agitating her on the subject until he could be sure of proving his suspicions to be true. The proof had now been obtained; and his mind had been opened to Blanche without reserve.

"So much, my dear," proceeded Sir Patrick, "for those necessary explanations which are also the necessary nuisances of human intercourse. You now know as much as I did when I arrived at Craig Fernie—and you are, therefore, in a position to appreciate the value of my discoveries at the inn. Do you understand every thing, so far?"

"Perfectly!"

"Very good. I drove up to the inn; and—behold me closeted with Mrs. Inchbare in her own private parlor! (My reputation may or may not suffer, but Mrs. Inchbare's bones are above suspicion!) It was a long business, Blanche. A more sour-tempered, cunning, and distrustful witness I never examined in all my experience at the Bar. She would have upset the temper of any mortal man but a lawyer. We have such wonderful tempers in our profession; and we *can* be so aggravating when we like! In short, my dear, Mrs. Inchbare was a she-cat, and I was a he-cat—and I clawed the truth out of her at last. The result was well worth arriving at, as you shall see. Mr. Delamayn had described to me certain remarkable circumstances as taking place between a lady and a gentleman at an inn: the object of the parties being to pass themselves off at the time as man and wife. Every one of those circumstances, Blanche, occurred at Craig Fernie, between a lady and a gentleman, on the day when Miss Silvester disappeared from this house. And—wait!—being pressed for her name, after the gentleman had left her behind him at the inn, the name the lady gave was, 'Mrs. Silvester.' What do you think of that?"

"Think! I'm bewildered—I can't realize it."

"It's a startling discovery, my dear child—there is no denying that. Shall I wait a little, and let you recover yourself?"

"No! no! Go on! The gentleman, uncle? The gentleman who was with Anne? Who is he? Not Mr. Delamayn?"

"Not Mr. Delamayn," said Sir Patrick. "If I have proved nothing else, I have proved that."

"What need was there to prove it? Mr. Delamayn went to London on the day of the lawn-party. And Arnold—"

"And Arnold went with him as far as the second station from this. Quite true! But how was I to know what Mr. Delamayn might have done after Arnold had left him? I could only make sure that he had not gone back privately to the inn, by getting the proof from Mrs. Inchbare."

"How did you get it?"

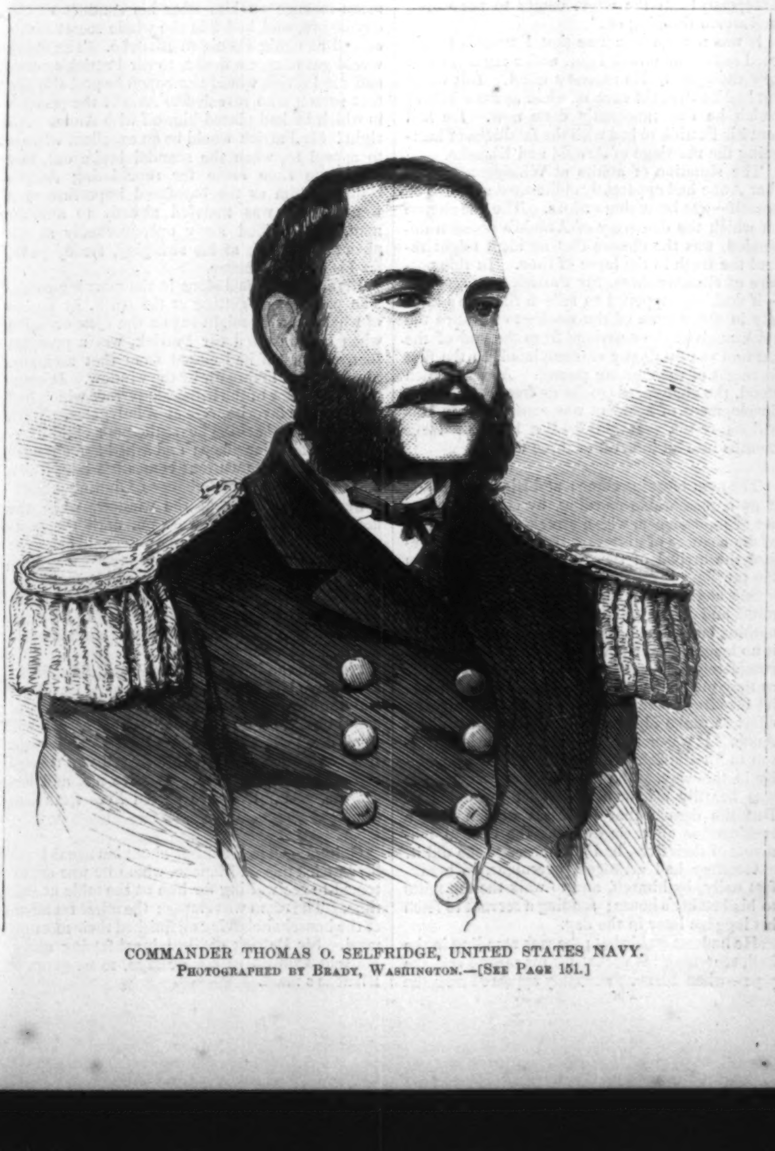
"I asked her to describe the gentleman who was with Miss Silvester. Mrs. Inchbare's description (vague as you will presently find it to be) completely exonerates that man," said Sir Patrick, pointing to Geoffrey still asleep in his chair. "*He* is not the person who passed Miss Silvester off as his wife at Craig Fernie. He spoke the truth when he described the case to me as the case of a friend."

"But who is the friend?" persisted Blanche. "That's what I want to know."

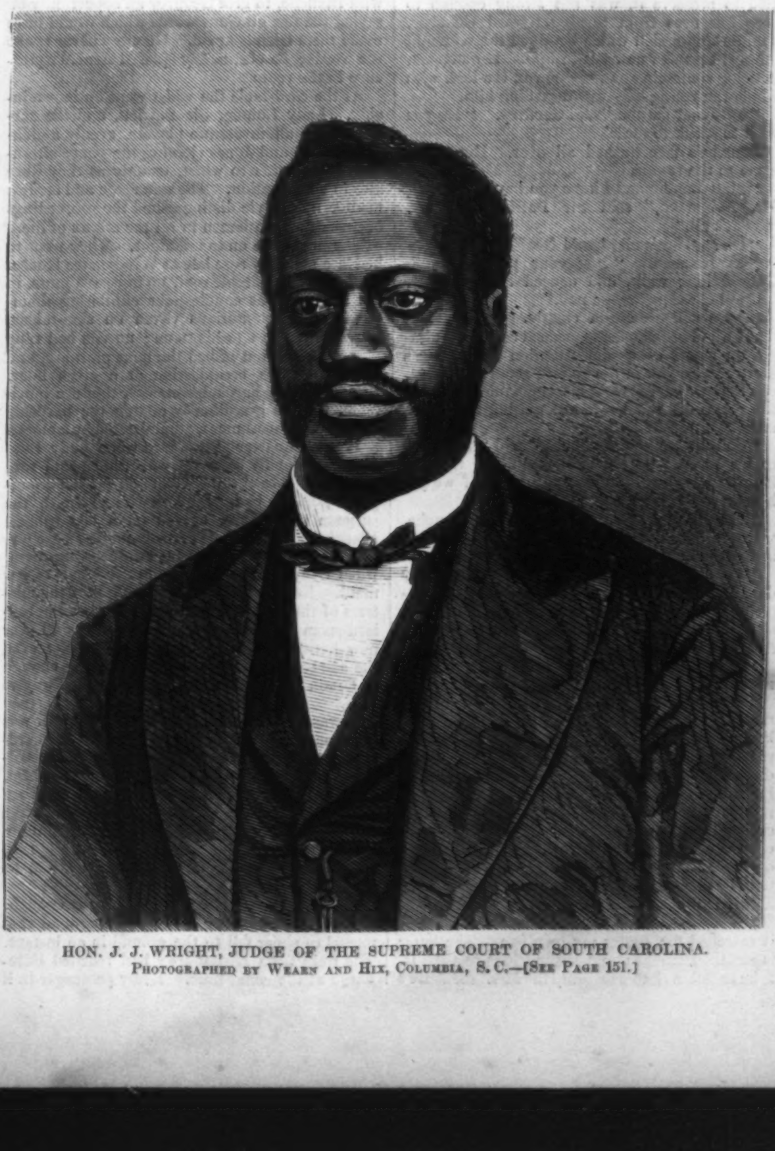
"That's what I want to know, too."

"Tell me exactly, uncle, what Mrs. Inchbare said. I have lived with Anne all my life. I *must* have seen the man somewhere."

"If you can identify him by Mrs. Inchbare's description," returned Sir Patrick, "you will be



COMMANDER THOMAS O. SELFRIDGE, UNITED STATES NAVY.
Photographed by Brady, Washington.—[See Page 151.]



HON. J. J. WRIGHT, JUDGE OF THE SUPREME COURT OF SOUTH CAROLINA.
Photographed by Wearn and Hix, Columbia, S. C.—[See Page 151.]

a great deal cleverer than I am. Here is the picture of the man, as painted by the landlady: Young; middle-sized; dark hair, eyes, and complexion; nice temper; pleasant way of speaking. Leave out 'young,' and the rest is the exact contrary of Mr. Delamayn. So far, Mrs. Inchbare guides us plainly enough. But how are we to apply her description to the right person? There must be, at the lowest computation, five hundred thousand men in England who are young, middle-sized, dark, nice-tempered, and pleasant spoken. One of the footmen here answers that description in every particular."

"And Arnold answers it," said Blanche—as a still stronger instance of the provoking vagueness of the description.

"And Arnold answers it," repeated Sir Patrick, quite agreeing with her.

They had barely said those words when Arnold himself appeared, approaching Sir Patrick with a pack of cards in his hand.

There—at the very moment when they had both guessed the truth, without feeling the slightest suspicion of it in their own minds—there stood Discovery, presenting itself unconsciously to eyes incapable of seeing *it*, in the person of the man who had passed Anne Silvester off as his wife at the Craig Fernie inn! The terrible caprice of Chance, the merciless irony of Circumstance, could go no further than this. The three had their feet on the brink of the precipice at that moment. And two of them were smiling at an odd coincidence; and one of them was shuffling a pack of cards!

"We have done with the Antiquities at last!" said Arnold; "and we are going to play at Whist. Sir Patrick, will you choose a card?"

"Too soon after dinner, my good fellow, for *me*. Play the first rubber, and then give me another chance. By-the-way," he added, "Miss Silvester has been traced to Kirkandrew. How is it that you never saw her go by?"

"She can't have gone my way, Sir Patrick, or I must have seen her."

Having justified himself in those terms, he was recalled to the other end of the room by the whist-party, impatient for the cards which he had in his hand.

"What were we talking of when he interrupted us?" said Sir Patrick to Blanche.

"Of the man, uncle, who was with Miss Silvester at the inn."

"It's useless to pursue that inquiry, my dear, with nothing better than Mrs. Inchbare's description to help us."

Blanche looked round at the sleeping Geoffrey.

"And *he* knows!" she said. "It's maddening, uncle, to look at the brute snoring in his chair!"

Sir Patrick held up a warning hand. Before a word more could be said between them they were silenced again by another interruption.

The whist-party comprised Lady Lundie and the surgeon, playing as partners against Smith and Jones. Arnold sat behind the surgeon, taking a lesson in the game. One, Two, and Three, thus left to their own devices, naturally thought of the billiard-table; and, detecting Geoffrey asleep in his corner, advanced to disturb his slumbers, under the all-sufficing apology of "Pool." Geoffrey roused himself, and rubbed his eyes, and said, drowsily, "All right." As he rose, he looked at the opposite corner in which Sir Patrick and his niece were sitting. Blanche's self-possession, resolutely as she struggled to preserve it, was not strong enough to keep her eyes from turning toward Geoffrey, with an expression which betrayed the reluctant interest that she now felt in him. He stopped, noticing something entirely new in the look with which the young lady was regarding him.

"Beg your pardon," said Geoffrey. "Do you wish to speak to me?"

Blanche's face flushed all over. Her uncle came to the rescue.

"Miss Lundie and I hope you have slept well, Mr. Delamayn," said Sir Patrick, jocosely. "That's all."

"Oh? That's all?" said Geoffrey, still looking at Blanche. "Beg your pardon again. Deuced long walk, and deuced heavy dinner. Natural consequence—a nap."

Sir Patrick eyed him closely. It was plain that he had been honestly puzzled at finding himself an object of special attention on Blanche's part. "See you in the billiard-room?" he said, carelessly, and followed his companions out of the room—as usual, without waiting for an answer."

"Mind what you are about," said Sir Patrick to his niece. "That man is quicker than he looks. We commit a serious mistake if we put him on his guard at starting."

"It sha'n't happen again, uncle," said Blanche. "But think of *his* being in Anne's confidence, and of *my* being shut out of it!"

"In his friend's confidence, you mean, my dear; and (if we only avoid awakening his suspicion) there is no knowing how soon he may say or do something which may show us who his friend is."

"But he is going back to his brother's to-morrow—he said so at dinner-time."

"So much the better. He will be out of the way of seeing strange things in a certain young lady's face. His brother's house is within easy reach of this; and I am his legal adviser. My experience tells me that he has not done consulting me yet—and that he will let out something more next time. So much for our chance of seeing the light through Mr. Delamayn—if we can't see it in any other way. And that is not our only chance, remember. I have something to tell you about Bishopriggs and the lost letter."

"Is it found?"

"No. I satisfied myself about that—I had it searched for, under my own eye. The letter is stolen, Blanche; and Bishopriggs has got it. I have left a line for him, in Mrs. Inchbare's care. The old rascal is missed already by the visitors at the inn, just as I told you he would be. His mistress is feeling the penalty of having been fool enough to vent her ill-temper on her head-waiter. She lays the whole blame of the quarrel on Miss Silvester, of course. Bishopriggs neglected every body at the inn to wait on Miss Silvester. Bishopriggs was insolent on being remonstrated with, and Miss Silvester encouraged him—and so on. The result will be—now Miss Silvester has gone—that Bishopriggs will return to Craig Fernie before the autumn is over. We are sailing with wind and tide, my dear. Come, and learn to play whist."

He rose to join the card-players. Blanche detained him.

"You haven't told me one thing yet," she said. "Whoever the man may be, is Anne married to him?"

"Whoever the man may be," returned Sir Patrick, "he had better not attempt to marry any body else."

So the niece unconsciously put the question, and so the uncle unconsciously gave the answer, on which depended the whole happiness of Blanche's life to come. The "man!" How lightly they both talked of the "man!" Would nothing happen to rouse the faintest suspicion—in their minds or in Arnold's mind—that Arnold was the "man" himself?

"You mean that she *is* married?" said Blanche.

"I don't go as far as that."

"You mean that she is *not* married?"

"I don't go so far as *that*."

"Oh! the law!"

"Provoking, isn't it, my dear? I can tell you, professionally, that (in my opinion) she has grounds to go on if she claims to be the man's wife. That is what I meant by my answer; and, until we know more, that is all I can say."

"When shall we know more? When shall we get the telegram?"

"Not for some hours yet. Come, and learn to play whist."

"I think I would rather talk to Arnold, uncle, if you don't mind."

"By all means! But don't talk to him about what I have been telling you to-night. He and Mr. Delamayn are old associates, remember; and he might blunder into telling his friend what his friend had better not know. Sad (isn't it?) for me to be instilling these lessons of duplicity into the youthful mind. A wise person once said, 'The older a man gets the worse he gets.' That wise person, my dear, had me in his eye, and was perfectly right."

He mitigated the pain of that confession with a pinch of snuff, and went to the whist-table to wait until the end of the rubber gave him a place at the game.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIFTH.

FORWARD.

Blanche found her lover as attentive as usual to her slightest wish, but not in his customary good spirits. He pleaded fatigue, after his long watch at the cross-roads, as an excuse for his depression. As long as there was any hope of a reconciliation with Geoffrey, he was unwilling to tell Blanche what had happened that afternoon. The hope grew fainter and fainter as the evening advanced. Arnold purposely suggested a visit to the billiard-room, and joined the game, with Blanche, to give Geoffrey an opportunity of saying the few gracious words which would have made them friends again. Geoffrey never spoke the words; he obstinately ignored Arnold's presence in the room.

At the card-table the whist went on interminably. Lady Lundie, Sir Patrick, and the surgeon, were all inveterate players, evenly matched. Smith and Jones (joining the game alternately) were aids to whist, exactly as they were aids to conversation. The same safe and modest mediocrity of style distinguished the proceedings of these two gentlemen in all the affairs of life.

The time wore on to midnight. They went to bed late and they rose late at Windygates House. Under that hospitable roof, no intrusive hints, in the shape of flat candlesticks exhibiting themselves with ostentatious virtue on side-tables, hurried the guest to his room; no vile bell rang him ruthlessly out of bed the next morning, and insisted on his breakfasting at a given hour. Life has surely hardships enough that are inevitable, without gratuitously adding the hardship of absolute government, administered by a clock?

It was a quarter past twelve when Lady Lundie rose blandly from the whist-table, and said that she supposed somebody must set the example of going to bed. Sir Patrick and Smith, the surgeon and Jones, agreed on a last rubber. Blanche vanished while her step-mother's eye was on her; and appeared again in the drawing-room, when Lady Lundie was safe in the hands of her maid. Nobody followed the example of the mistress of the house but Arnold. He left the billiard-room with the certainty that it was all over now between Geoffrey and himself. Not even the attraction of Blanche proved strong enough to detain him that night. He went his way to bed.

It was past one o'clock. The final rubber was at an end; the accounts were settled at the card-table; the surgeon had strolled into the billiard-room, and Smith and Jones had followed him, when Duncan came in, at last, with the telegram in his hand.

Blanche turned from the broad, calm autumn moonlight which had drawn her to the window, and looked over her uncle's shoulder while he opened the telegram.

She read the first line—and that was enough. The whole scaffolding of hope built round that morsel of paper fell to the ground in an instant. The train from Kirkandrew had reached Edinburgh at the usual time. Every passenger in it had passed under the eyes of the police; and nothing had been seen of any person who answered the description given of Anne!

Sir Patrick pointed to the two last sentences in the telegram: "Inquiries telegraphed to Falkirk. If with any result, you shall know."

"We must hope for the best, Blanche. They evidently suspect her of having got out at the junction of the two railways for the purpose of giving the telegraph the slip. There is no help for it. Go to bed, child—go to bed."

Blanche kissed her uncle in silence and went away. The bright young face was sad with the first hopeless sorrow which the old man had yet seen in it. His niece's parting look dwelt painfully on his mind when he was up in his room, with the faithful Duncan getting him ready for his bed.

"This is a bad business, Duncan. I don't like to say so to Miss Lundie; but I greatly fear the governess has baffled us."

"It seems likely, Sir Patrick. The poor young lady looks quite heart-broken about it."

"You noticed that too, did you? She has lived all her life, you see, with Miss Silvester; and there is a very strong attachment between them. I am uneasy about my niece, Duncan. I am afraid this disappointment will have a serious effect on her."

"She's young, Sir Patrick."

"Yes, my friend, she's young; but the young (when they are good for any thing) have warm hearts. Winter hasn't stolen on *them*, Duncan! And they feel keenly."

"I think there's reason to hope, Sir, that Miss Lundie may get over it more easily than you suppose."

"What reason, pray?"

"A person in my position can hardly venture to speak freely, Sir, on a delicate matter of this kind."

Sir Patrick's temper flashed out, half-seriously, half-whimsically, as usual.

"Is that a snap at Me, you old dog? If I am not your friend, as well as your master, who is? Am *I* in the habit of keeping any of my harmless fellow-creatures at a distance? I despise the cant of modern Liberalism; but it's not the less true that I have, all my life, protested against the inhuman separation of classes in England. We are, in that respect, brag as we may of our national virtue, the most unchristian people in the civilized world."

"I beg your pardon, Sir Patrick—"

"God help me! I'm talking politics at this time of night! It's your fault, Duncan. What do you mean by casting my station in my teeth, because I can't put my night-cap on comfortably till you have brushed my hair? I have a good mind to get up and brush yours. There! there! I'm uneasy about my niece—nervous irritability, my good fellow, that's all. Let's hear what you have to say about Miss Lundie. And go on with my hair. And don't be a humbug."

"I was about to remind you, Sir Patrick, that Miss Lundie has another interest in her life to turn to. If this matter of Miss Silvester ends badly—and I own it begins to look as if it would—I should hurry my niece's marriage, Sir, and see if *that* wouldn't console her."

Sir Patrick started under the gentle discipline of the hair-brush in Duncan's hand.

"That's very sensibly put," said the old gentleman. "Duncan! you are, what I call, a clear-minded man. Well worth thinking of, old Truepenny! If the worst comes to the worst, well worth thinking of!"

It was not the first time that Duncan's steady good sense had struck light, under the form of a new thought, in his master's mind. But never yet had he wrought such mischief as the mischief which he had innocently done now. He had sent Sir Patrick to bed with the fatal idea of hastening the marriage of Arnold and Blanche.

The situation of affairs at Windygates—now that Anne had apparently obliterated all trace of herself—was becoming serious. The one chance on which the discovery of Arnold's position depended, was the chance that accident might reveal the truth in the lapse of time. In this posture of circumstances, Sir Patrick now resolved—if nothing happened to relieve Blanche's anxiety in the course of the week—to advance the celebration of the marriage from the end of the autumn (as originally contemplated) to the first fortnight of the ensuing month. As dates then stood, the change led (so far as free scope for the development of accident was concerned) to this serious result. It abridged a lapse of three months into an interval of three weeks.

The next morning came; and Blanche marked it as a memorable morning, by committing an act of imprudence, which struck away one more of the chances of discovery that had existed, before the arrival of the Edinburgh telegram on the previous day.

She had passed a sleepless night; fevered in mind and body; thinking, hour after hour, of nothing but Anne. At sunrise she could endure it no longer. Her power to control herself was completely exhausted; her own impulses led her as they pleased. She got up, determined not to let Geoffrey leave the house without risking an effort to make him reveal what he knew about Anne. It was nothing less than downright treason to Sir Patrick to act on her own responsibility in this way. She knew it was wrong; she was heartily ashamed of herself for doing it. But the demon that possesses women with a recklessness all their own, at the critical moments of their lives, had got her—and she did it.

Geoffrey had arranged, overnight, to breakfast early, by himself, and to walk the ten miles to his brother's house; sending a servant to fetch his luggage later in the day.

He had got on his hat; he was standing in the hall, searching his pocket for his second self, the pipe—when Blanche suddenly appeared from the morning-room, and placed herself between him and the house door.

"Up early—eh?" said Geoffrey. "I'm off to my brother's."

She made no reply. He looked at her closer. The girl's eyes were trying to read his face, with an utter carelessness of concealment, which forbade (even to his mind) all unworthy interpretation of her motive for stopping him on his way out.

"Any commands for me?" he inquired.

This time she answered him. "I have something to ask you," she said.

He smiled graciously, and opened his tobacco-pouch. He was fresh and strong after his night's sleep—healthy and handsome and good-humored. The house-maids had had a peep at him that morning, and had wished—like Desdemona, with a difference—that "Heaven had made all three of them such a man."

"Well," he said, "what is it?"

She put her question, without a single word of preface—purposely to surprise him.

"Mr. Delamayn," she said, "do you know where Anne Silvester is this morning?"

He was filling his pipe as she spoke, and he dropped some of the tobacco on the floor. Instead of answering before he picked up the tobacco he answered after—in surly self-possession, and in one word—"No."

"Do you know nothing about her?"

He devoted himself doggedly to the filling of his pipe. "Nothing."

"On your word of honor, as a gentleman?"

"On my word of honor, as a gentleman."

He put back his tobacco-pouch in his pocket. His handsome face was as hard as stone. His clear blue eyes defied all the girls in England put together to see into *his* mind. "Have you done, Miss Lundie?" he asked, suddenly changing to a bantering politeness of tone and manner.

Blanche saw that it was hopeless—saw that she had compromised her own interests by her own headlong act. Sir Patrick's warning words came back reproachfully to her now when it was too late. "We commit a serious mistake if we put him on his guard at starting."

There was but one course to take now. "Yes," she said. "I have done."

"My turn now," rejoined Geoffrey. "You want to know where Miss Silvester is. Why do you ask Me?"

Blanche did all that could be done toward repairing the error that she had committed. She kept Geoffrey as far away as Geoffrey had kept *her* from the truth.

"I happen to know," she replied, "that Miss Silvester left the place at which she had been staying about the time when you went out walking yesterday. And I thought you might have seen her."

"Oh? That's the reason—is it?" said Geoffrey, with a smile.

The smile stung Blanche's sensitive temper to the quick. She made a final effort to control herself, before her indignation got the better of her.

"I have no more to say, Mr. Delamayn." With that reply she turned her back on him, and closed the door of the morning-room between them.

Geoffrey descended the house-steps and lit his pipe. He was not at the slightest loss, on this occasion, to account for what had happened. He assumed at once that Arnold had taken a mean revenge on him after his conduct of the day before, and had told the whole secret of his errand at Craig Fernie to Blanche. The thing would get next, no doubt, to Sir Patrick's ears; and Sir Patrick would thereupon be probably the first person who revealed to Arnold the position in which he had placed himself with Anne. All right! Sir Patrick would be an excellent witness to appeal to, when the scandal broke out, and when the time came for repudiating Anne's claim on him as the barefaced imposture of a woman who was married already to another man. He puffed away unconcernedly at his pipe, and started, at his swinging, steady pace, for his brother's house.

Blanche remained alone in the morning-room. The prospect of getting at the truth, by means of what Geoffrey might say on the next occasion when he consulted Sir Patrick, was a prospect that she herself had closed from that moment. She sat down in despair by the window. It commanded a view of the little side-terrace which had been Anne's favorite walk at Windygates. With weary eyes and aching heart the poor child looked at the familiar place; and asked herself, with the bitter repentance that comes too late, if she had destroyed the last chance of finding Anne!

She sat passively at the window, while the hours of the morning wore on, until the postman came. Before the servant could take the letter-bag she was in the hall to receive it. Was it possible to hope that the bag had brought tidings of Anne? She sorted the letters; and lighted suddenly on a letter to herself. It bore the Kirkandrew post-mark, and it was addressed to her in Anne's handwriting.

She tore the letter open, and read these lines:

"I have left you forever, Blanche. God bless and reward you! God make you a happy woman in all your life to come! Cruel as you will think me, love, I have never been so truly your sister as I am now. I can only tell you this—I can never tell you more. Forgive me, and forget me. Our lives are parted lives from this day."

Going down to breakfast about his usual hour, Sir Patrick missed Blanche, whom he was accustomed to see waiting for him at the table at that time. The room was empty; the other members of the household having all finished their morning meal. Sir Patrick disliked breakfasting alone. He sent Duncan with a message, to be given to Blanche's maid.

The maid appeared in due time. Miss Lundie was unable to leave her room. She sent a letter to her uncle, with her love—and begged he would read it.

Sir Patrick opened the letter and saw what Anne had written to Blanche.

He waited a little, reflecting, with evident pain and anxiety, on what he had read—then opened his own letters, and hurriedly looked at the signatures. There was nothing for him from his friend, the sheriff, at Edinburgh, and no communication from the railway, in the shape of a telegram. He had decided, overnight, on waiting till the end of the week before he interfered in the matter of Blanche's marriage. The events of the morning determined him on not waiting another day. Duncan returned to the breakfast-room to pour out his master's coffee. Sir Patrick sent him away again with a second message.

"Do you know where Lady Lundie is, Duncan?"

"Yes, Sir Patrick."

"My compliments to her ladyship. If she is not otherwise engaged, I shall be glad to speak to her privately in an hour's time."

CONVENT AT ROME.

On page 148 will be found an engraving of the celebrated Carthusian Convent at Rome, in which it is intended to hold the Exhibition of Catholic Art and Industry. The convent was founded on the site of Diocletian's Baths, and the great cloister, which is to be appropriated for the purposes of the Exhibition, will be roofed over with glass, and arranged in alleys or passages for the display of the various treasures, consisting of altar ornaments in gold and silver, sculpture, painting, architecture, mosaic, ivory carving, tapestry, binding, robes, lace, and indeed all things relating to churches or church decoration. Our engraving represents one of the smaller cloisters of the convent, in that part of the building to which the monks will be confined during the time of the Exhibition, although, doubtless, the curiosity to which all men are subject, added to the opportunity offered, will draw many of them from their seclusion to see how the world of art has advanced since they left the active ways of men. A convent is apparently an incongruous place for a priestly government to use for exhibition purposes; but when the sacerdotal character of the Exhibition is taken into account this incongruity disappears; moreover, it will be so arranged that monkish privacy will not be intruded upon by the visitors.

THE YOUNG SCULPTOR.

In one of the poorest, narrowest streets of a beautiful foreign city lived a woman and her little son, whom we will call Henri. The boy had no recollection of his father, who had cruelly deserted both his wife and child. Their only means of subsistence was what could be obtained by the woman's labor—such household work as could be obtained in the dwellings of the rich. Sometimes she had to walk long distances to and from her occupation; but no murmur ever escaped her lips, save one of regret that her little fair-haired boy had to be left alone in her absence, and that she could not earn money enough to send him to school. Nature, however, all unaided, was teaching him without the help of books or masters, and every where in Florence (the city of flowers) there was more than sufficient to excite the admiration and satisfy the cravings of this child of genius, whose inquiring eyes would always rest on whatever was beautiful, and such was to be met with in every nook and corner of the grand old place. The "purple and transparent shadows" which flooded the whole city at eventide, and lit up the gorgeous palaces and churches fair, made for him so many glowing pictures, on which his poetical imagination dwelt long after the first impression had passed away.

During his mother's absence, the greater part of his time was spent in what we should call grubbing in the street gutters, making odd-looking things of any soft material he could shape to the needed consistency, just as one sees children making sand-houses at the sea-side. These little juveniles generally set up and then demolish *their* buildings; Henri did nothing of the sort. Every one of those little lumps was moulded into some form copied either from nature or art, for in that beautiful city every street is a museum. Projections, bosses, finials, all are specimens of real architectural beauty, of a peculiar and distinctive type. For a long time the young boy continued to fashion objects of this sort, until, by a kind of fresh inspiration, he aimed at representing the human form: the only difficulty seemed to be how to obtain the models from which to work.

At length, a happy thought occurred to him. He had no money, but he could easily reward the sitter by giving him his next meal, and to lose that was as nothing compared to the joy he felt at having some chance Arab who would answer his purpose, and who could be enticed by so small a guerdon to the artist's humble studio. In spite of his mother's remonstrances, Henri worked away early and late, every day becoming more passionately attached to his beloved art.

Years sped on without any public recognition of his talent; but his resolute, persevering nature would not allow him to be discouraged. It is true that he was poor; but then he was rich in hope, and sustained by the consciousness of that inward power which is the accompaniment of real genius. He never dreamed of envying others, but thought only of making himself perfect in what he determined should be the masterpiece of all his hitherto attempted studies; one which was now growing to ample proportions beneath his busy fingers.

At length, his task, or rather labor of love, being complete, he told his mother that he should ask permission to shew it at an exhibition of sculpture which was shortly to take place in his native city. He applied for permission; and his request was granted, on condition that the statue should be sent forthwith to the hall of inspection.

"That, gentlemen, is impossible," replied Henri. "I am very poor; and the apartment in which I live is so small that my work could only be removed by taking off the roof."

The men looked at each other in amazement; but there was so much simplicity and honesty in the youth, that after conferring together for a few moments, they proposed to accompany him home, to see the marvelous production to which Henri at present declined to give any name. They followed him up the narrow staircase to the little garret, and looked around in vain for the wonder they had come to behold. Henri saw their surprise, and without a word, threw back a baize curtain from the floor, and revealed to them the lay-figure, life size, of a murdered man. The gentlemen started back in amazement. So lovely, in death, were the lineaments of that exquisite face, so faultless in form, so wondrously expressive of purity and innocence, that they could not believe it the work of an untutored youth, entirely devoid of art-education, and of the laws of anatomy, which the most critical admitted were perfectly unassailable in the figure before them. No; they would not credit it, and avowed their belief that he had been implicated in some terrible crime, for which the victim had served as a model. It was in vain that the young sculptor protested, explained; they were inexorable, and declared he should be sent to prison, and there await the issue of the charge preferred against him. They further desired him at once to name the counsel for his defense. "He shall appear, gentlemen, on the day of trial; I can not give his name before."

Amazed beyond measure at the calmness and self-possession displayed by Henri, they felt compelled to acquiesce. Either his youth, his beauty, or his earnestness—perhaps all three combined—made the judges so far mitigate their severity as to allow him the use of his tools, and the admission of visitors during his imprisonment.

It is needless to dwell on the disappointment to the youth at this terrible blow to his long-cherished desires—hardly less on his own account than on that of his good mother, whom he had hoped to place beyond the need of all further earthly wants. It will better please the reader to learn that he did not yield himself up to despair. His will was nerved to plan, his hand to execute another statue equal if not superior to the one he had already achieved.

It will readily be imagined that the advent of such a trial as that now impending caused no small stir in the city. The hitherto obscure life of the young sculptor, and the stand he had made about his counsel, very considerably enhanced the anxiety and excitement of the public. Many, unable to restrain their impatience, visited him in prison—some, doubtless, impelled by curiosity, others moved by some higher motive. Among these were two distinguished-looking individuals, who chanced at that time to be sojourning in Florence. One was considerably past middle age; the other (said to be his nephew) was a young man of remarkably handsome countenance and noble figure. No restriction seemed to be put either on the frequency or length of their visits; while to poor Henri, the time thus spent was as gold and sunshine in this otherwise dark phase of his career. Greatly to the astonishment of every one, his mother had removed to a handsome *loggia* in the best quarter of the city; her sadness of heart and countenance seemed to have vanished; and there was a gladness in her whole bearing, such as none who had known her had ever before seen. "It is a great mystery, certainly," said the gossips, "how this change should have come about before her son's fate is decided!"

At length the all-important day arrived. The judges (who had never seen the prisoner since the day of his arrest) being assembled in the great hall of the Assembly, desired the prisoner might be brought in. The prone figure was placed on the platform, concealed as before with the cloth of green baize; while at its side, but considerably raised, was another, also covered. The question was at once put as to what counsel he had employed.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I am my own counsel. You questioned my ability to give you a representation of 'Death;' here is one of 'Life.' My subject is, 'The Murder of Abel by his Brother Cain.'"

Both coverings were withdrawn. Profound stillness succeeded this declaration, followed by a burst of admiration such as had never before been heard in Florence in the nineteenth century. Foremost of his admirers were his former accusers. The news was instantly carried to the king, who commanded the statues to be bought, and placed in the Pitti Palace.

"It is not possible, gentlemen, for me to obey the command of my sovereign," said Henri; "the sculptures are no longer mine, having been purchased by the Emperor of Russia. The money I have had for them has paid for my mother's present abode, and placed me forever beyond the reach of want."

The nephew of the Russian embassador, Kissalieff, had served as a model for the arm of "Cain;" and those to whom his features were familiar at once recognized the handsome face.

The narrator of this circumstance has seen the statues at St. Petersburg, in a building expressly erected for their reception. The sculptor's name was Dupré, since become one of world-wide celebrity.

THE DARIEN EXPEDITION.

Toward the end of last January an expedition, consisting of the gun-boats *Nipsic* and the *Guard*, each about five hundred tons burden, carrying two 9-inch broadside guns, one 11-inch pivot gun amidships, and a 30-pound rifle, sailed from New York harbor, under command of Commander Thomas O. Selfridge, for the purpose of co-operating with the government of the Republic of Colombia in the work of ascertaining whether the depressions in the Central Sierras present facilities for the construction of a ship canal across the Isthmus of Darien. The project for "abolishing" the Isthmus is almost as old as the discovery of the New World, having been first started by Cortéz soon after the conquest of Mexico. Since his time no less than twenty-six canals have been projected across the narrow strip of land that unites North and South America, nine of which have engaged the serious attention of scientific men and capitalists. These are as follows: By way of Rio San Carlos and the Gulf de Nicoya; Rio Niño, Tempisque, and Gulf de Nicoya; Rio Sapoa and Bay of Salinas; Rio San Juan del Sur; Rio Brito; Rio Tamarinda and Lake Managua; Ralijo and Lake Managuas; Bay of Fonseca and Lake Managuas; and the Atrato and Truando rivers.

About ten years ago Mr. Frederick M. Kelley published, through Messrs. Harper & Brothers, a pamphlet containing the result of a survey of the Atrato River, flowing southward from the Gulf of Darien, by which the author believed he had proved the possibility of constructing a ship canal across the Isthmus, from ocean to ocean, without locks. This was to be secured as follows: By deepening and guarding one of the mouths of the Atrato; by using the tranquil and deep waters of that stream; by deepening the mouth of the Truando, near its confluence with the Atrato, and turning to account the bed of that river when deepened to a common measure of 30 feet; by an open cut through the valley of the Nerqua for 13 miles; by a tunnel of 3¼ miles, 120 feet by 100, through solid rock; and by turning to account the valley of a small stream which empties, at a distance of eight miles from the tunnel, into Humboldt Bay.

This route has recently attracted the notice of the Colombian republic, and the expedition which has sailed under command of Commander Selfridge is designed to make further and more complete surveys and estimates.

Commander Selfridge, whose portrait we give on page 149, entered the Naval Academy in October, 1851, at the age of fifteen, graduating therefrom at the head of an advanced class of ten, in the year 1854, three years after his entrance. He served as midshipman in the *Independence*, on the Pacific station, and after passing his examination was appointed Master of the *Vincennes*, in which he made a cruise on the coast of Africa. In 1860 he was promoted to a Lieutenant, and soon after was ordered to the *Cumberland*, participating in the first struggle of the war of the rebellion at Norfolk, Virginia. He commanded the forecastle division of that vessel at the battle of Hatteras Inlet, and the forward main deck division in the memorable fight between the *Cumberland* and *Merrimac*. After a short respite he was attached to the staff of Rear-Admiral Goldsborough, commanding the North Atlantic squadron, for a period of several months, during which time he was engaged as senior officer in several hazardous but successful expeditions, at night, to destroy cannon captured by the rebels from the Norfolk Navy-yard. He subsequently served with great credit on the Mississippi and Red River, and in the North Atlantic squadron under Vice-Admiral Porter. At the bombardment of Fort Fisher he commanded the *Huron*, and led a division of sailors in the assault on the fort.

After the close of the war, Commander Selfridge served in the naval practice squadron, and in the West Indian waters, until appointed to the command of the Darien Exploring Expedition.

JUDGE J. J. WRIGHT, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

The Honorable J. J. Wright, recently elected to a seat in the Supreme Court of South Carolina, whose portrait we give on page 149, was born in Luzerne County, Pennsylvania, and is now about thirty-one years of age. When he was about six years old his parents removed to Montrose, Susquehanna County, in the same State, where for several years he attended the district school during the winter months, working for the neighboring farmers the rest of the year. Having saved up a small sum of money he entered the Lancasterian University, at Ithaca, in New York State; and after a thorough course of study there returned to the village where his parents resided, and entered the office of a law firm, where he read law for two years, supporting himself by teaching. He subsequently entered the office of Judge Collins, in Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, with whom he read law for another year. Feeling himself qualified for the legal profession, he now applied for admission to the Bar; but so great was the existing prejudice against colored men that the Committee refused to examine him.

In April, 1865, he was sent by the American Missionary Society to Beaufort, South Carolina, as a teacher and laborer among the freedmen. He remained in Beaufort until after the Civil Rights Bill had passed, when he returned to Montrose, Pennsylvania, and demanded an examination. The Committee found him qualified, and recommended his admission to the Bar. He was admitted August 13, 1865, being the first and only colored man ever admitted to practice law in Pennsylvania. In April, 1866, he was appointed by General O. O. Howard legal adviser for the freedmen in Beaufort, and acted in that capacity until he was elected to the Constitutional Convention of South Carolina. He was soon afterward elected Senator from the county of Beaufort, and acted as such until February 1, 1870, when he was elected to the Supreme Bench of the State, and immediately entered upon the discharge of his duties as Judge.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

The Hon. Willie Cumback, of Indiana, having been appointed United States Minister to Portugal, the question naturally arises, Will he come back?

A City Hall official, on being asked by a stranger if he was *Oak*-y Hall, replied, "No, Sir; I'm an *Alder*-man."

The following admonition was addressed by a Quaker to a man who was pouring forth a volley of ill language against him: "Have a care, friend, thou mayst run thy face against my fist."

"My boy, what does your mother do for a living?" was asked of a little barefooted urchin. "She eats cold victuals, Sir."

The speaker who was "drawn out" measured eighteen inches more than before.

If you want cowslips in winter drive your cattle on ice.

A lady who, though in the autumn of life, had not lost all dreams of its spring, said to Jerrold: "I can not imagine what makes my hair turn gray. I sometimes fancy it must be the essence of rosemary with which my maid is in the habit of brushing it. What do you think?" "I should be afraid, Madam," replied the distinguished dramatist, dryly, "that it is the essence of thyme."

Pickpockets dis-purse a crowd.

The man who don't advertise has his store hung around with shingles and pieces of barrel-heads, inscribed with lampblack, "Irish Pertaters," "Korn Meel," "Flower," "All kinds of kontury projuce," "Kaikes and Kandies for sail here." He says: "There arn't no use in noospaper advertising, so long as a man is smart enough to tend to his own business, and can stand at the door and holler the fellers in!"

A Minnesota juror lately addressed a note to the judge, in which he styled him "Onarable jug." Taking the bench as it runs, the juror was nearer right than might seem at first glance.

In a game of cards a good deal depends on good playing, and good playing on a good deal.

An incorporated society hired a man to blast a rock, says Mark Twain, and he was punching powder into a hole with a crow-bar, when a premature explosion followed, sending the man and crow-bar out of sight. Both came down all right, and the man went to work again directly. But though he was gone only fifteen minutes they docked him for lost time.

"Didn't you guarantee, Sir, that this horse would not shy before the fire of an enemy?" "No more he won't. 'Tisn't till after the fire that he shies."

Why are pimples on a drunkard's face like the cuts in a witty London newspaper?—They are illustrations of *Punch*.

A milkman accounted for the weakness of his milk by saying that the cows got caught in the rain.

A Model Surgical Operation—To take the cheek out of a young man, and the jaw out of a woman.

Which is the worst enemy of society—the family that keeps a parrot, or the one whose son is learning to play the bugle?

A Cincinnati woman, in destitute circumstances, sent back a pair of shoes she had received from the Relief Union, with a note saying, she would like a finer pair, with high tops, since her daughter wore short dresses.

An old lady receiving a letter she supposed was from one of her absent sons, requested her neighbor to read it. He accordingly began to read: "Dear mother," then paused, as the writing was rather illegible. "It's from Johnny," exclaimed the old lady; "he always stuttered."

If you can't coax a fish to bite, try your persuasive powers on a cross dog, and you will be sure to succeed.

Who is the most liberal man?—The grocer; he gives almost every thing he has a weigh.

A boy eight years old, in one of our public schools, having been told that a reptile "is an animal that creeps," on being asked to name one on examination day, promptly and triumphantly replied, "a baby."

A young lady from a boarding-school having made some progress in acquiring Italian, addressed a few words to an organ-grinder in her purest accent, but was astonished at receiving the following response: "I no speak Inglis."

The fact that Jenny Lind can no longer sing as she could once, is reasonably accounted for by the statement that her little daughter has "inherited her mother's voice."

A few days before Christmas a little Jewish boy said to his mother: "Mamma, may I fire crackers on Saturday?" "No, my son, Saturday is your Sabbath." "Well, it is Christmas too." "But you have nothing to do with Christmas." Son (*sobbing*). "I—don't—see—why—the—Christians—should—have—all—the—fun."

There is nothing like adversity to bring a man out—at the knees and elbows.

"Mother," said Jemima, "Sam wants to come courting me to-night." "Well, what did you tell him?" "Oh, I told him he might come. I felt anxious to see how he would act."

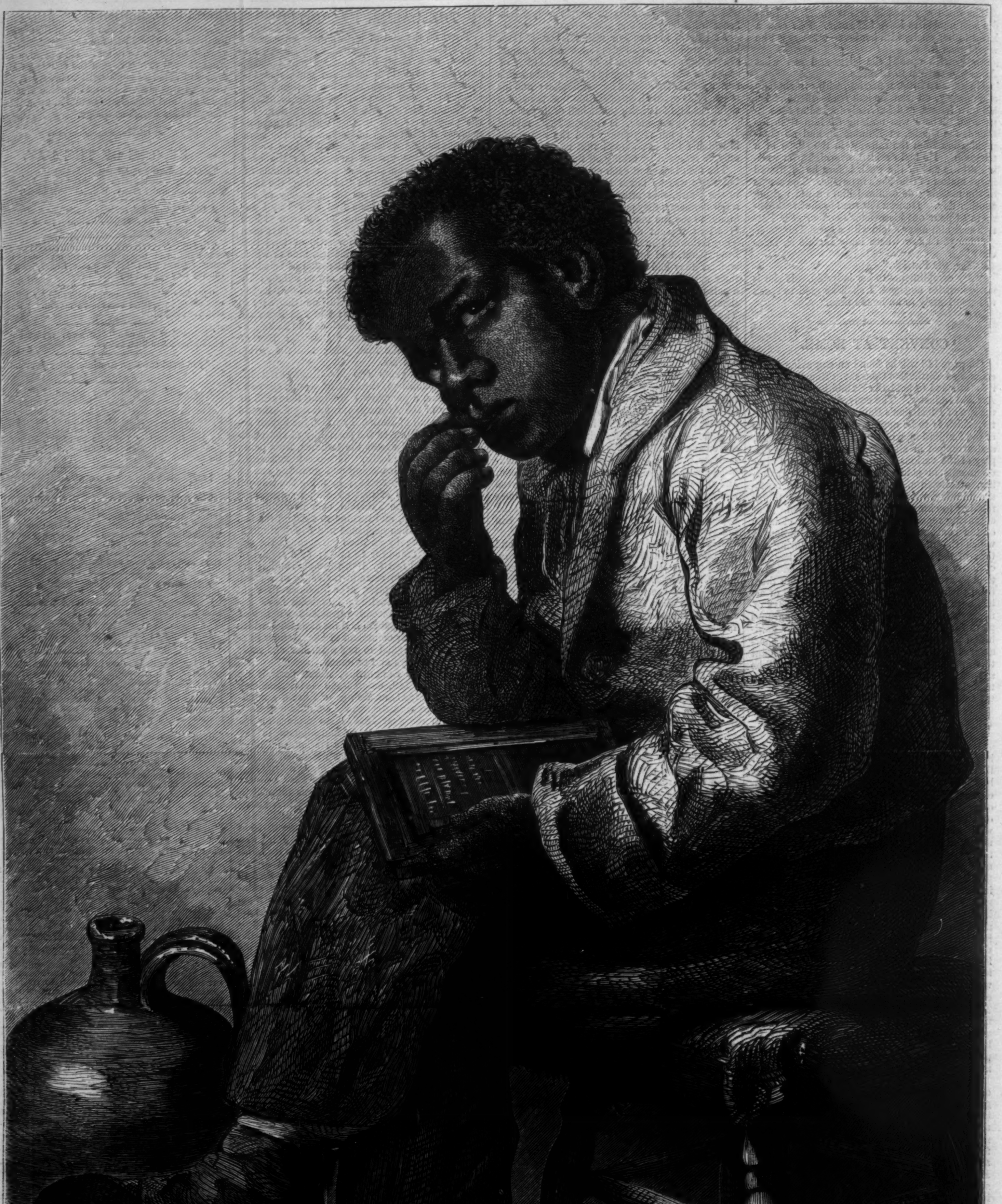
A poor man is to be avoided—he lacks principal.

What portions of the body are the best travelers?—The *two-wrists*.

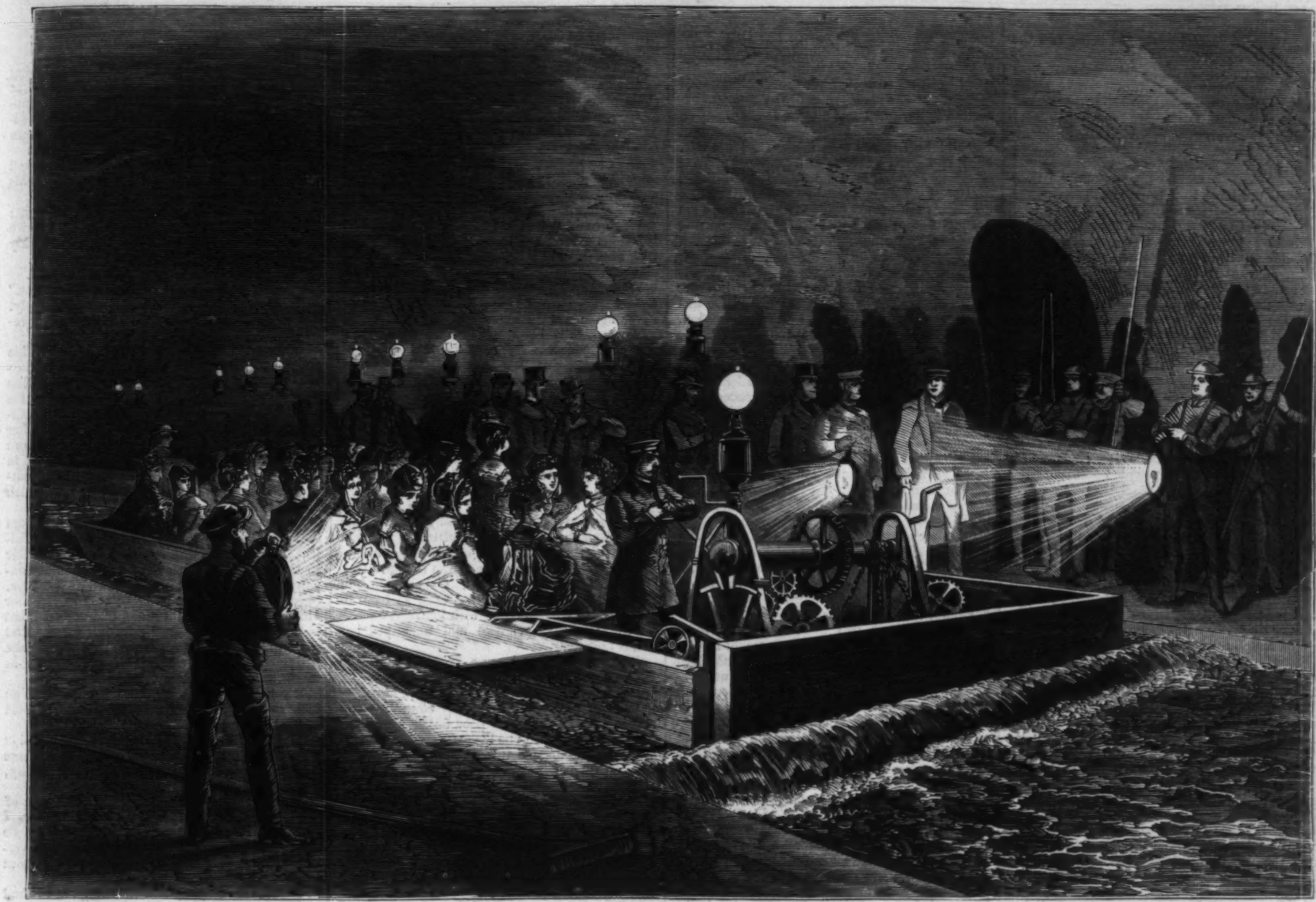
"That's a pretty bird, grandma," said a little boy. "Yes," replied the old dame, "and he never cries." "That's because he's never washed," rejoined the youngster.

"You are a shoemaker?" said a magistrate the other day, addressing the man at the bar. "Yes, Sir," was the reply, "a horse shoemaker."

"A man can't help what is done behind his back," as the scamp said when he was kicked out of doors.



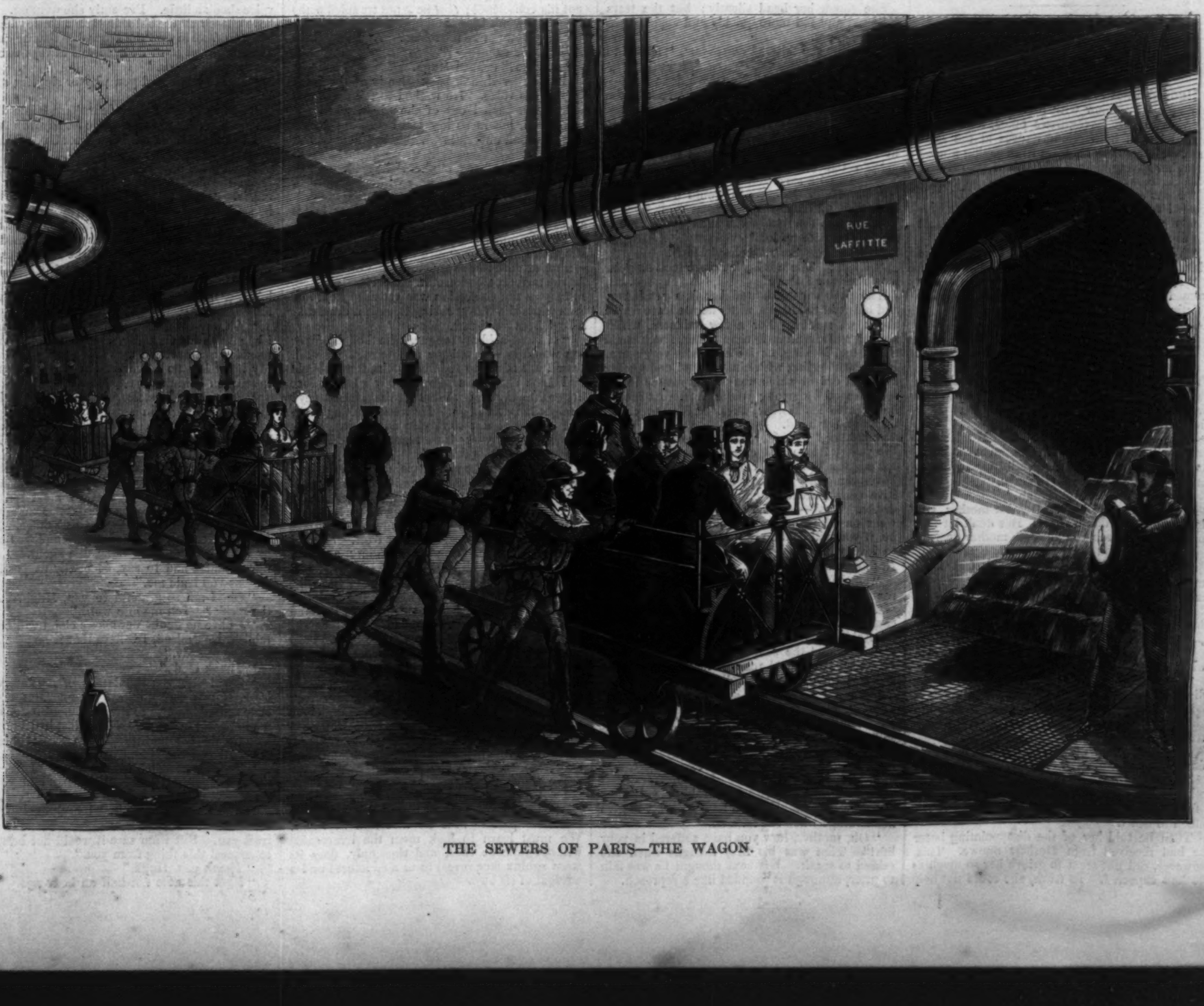
"A BROWN STUDY."—BY THE LATE WILLIAM HUNT.—[SEE PAGE 155.]



THE SEWERS OF PARIS—THE BOAT.

THE SEWERS OF PARIS.

Among the first sights which a stranger in Paris wants to visit are the gigantic collecting-sewers beneath the city, constructed on the recommendation and under the superintendence of M. Haussmann, late Prefect of the Seine. The main artery of these extensive subways on the northern bank of the river is between three and four miles in length, and extends from the Place de la Concorde to Asnières, near to which well-known suburb the principal southern artery, after crossing the Seine in a monster tube close to the Pont d'Alma, will eventually form a junction with it. Besides these principal arteries, which have a height of close upon fifteen feet and a width of about eighteen feet, including a pathway on each side nearly three feet wide, there are thirty miles of secondary galleries of somewhat smaller dimensions, in addition to an intricate net-work comprising nearly six hundred miles of sewers proper. The principal purpose served by these extensive subways is the drainage of the streets and the carrying off the refuse water and



THE SEWERS OF PARIS—THE WAGON.

the rainfall from the houses; cesspools which require to be periodically emptied being still the rule in the French capital.

It is only on certain days of the year that these magnificent sewers are thrown open to sightseers. On such occasions, as shown in our engravings on page 153, they are splendidly lighted up with thousands of lamps, each provided with a silver reflector. Tickets, previously obtained from the proper authority, indicate the time and place of rendezvous, and precisely at the hour specified the large iron trap-door in the centre of the pavement is raised, and the assembled party proceed to descend some dozen steep steps conducting to the sewers. Overhead is a vaulted roof, intersected in all directions with countless telegraph wires inclosed in gutta-percha tubes, and running along the sides is a large black pipe about a foot and a half in diameter, which supplies the city of Paris with water. Rows of lamps that grow fainter and fainter in the distance, light up the vaulted gallery and cast their reflections in the black, turbid waters at our feet, whereon a large boat, capable of holding some fourteen or sixteen people, is floating. The ladies of the party are handed in, and the boat, which is provided with a movable crescent-shaped fan, pierced with holes to admit of the water flowing through, and which, on being let down, fits exactly to the rounded bottom of the sewer and pushes before it all the solid refuse matter that may chance to have accumulated, moves along on its course until a particular point is reached. Here the voyagers disembark, and, with their male companions, who have followed them on foot, take their seats in a number of small carriages, likewise provided with fans, and the wheels of which run along rails placed at the edges of the pathways which bound the sewers on each side. Each of these vehicles carries a lighted lamp in front of it, and is provided with a conductor. Signal is given by sound of trumpet of the rails being clear, and off the carriages start, propelled forward by four men running at the sides of them, at the rate of something like six miles an hour. Blue tablets, with white letters, indicate, from time to time, the particular points of the city the party are traversing, and every now and then the cars shoot past some rushing cascade of dirty water tumbling into the sewer with a roaring sound. Occasionally, at a signal from their conductor, passengers must duck their heads as they pass beneath the great transverse iron stanchions which cross and recross the roofs of the galleries. Suddenly a sharp turn is made, and a silver-gray flood of light in front of them is discerned. The cars soon come to a halt, and the passengers alight, and in a few minutes find themselves, at the end of their journey, on the quay facing the towers of the Conciergerie.

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In Five Books.—Book IV.

CHAPTER VIII.

CONFESSION.

HUGH did not communicate to his mother the fact of his interview with Mr. Frost until after his visit to Mr. Lovegrove's office, and he informed her of both circumstances at the same time. He could not refrain from saying a word about her having kept Mr. Frost's visit to Gower Street a secret from him.

"I was so surprised, mother," he said. "It seemed so unlike you. But I suppose he persuaded you in some way that it would be right not to mention his having come to our house."

"Was I bound to speak of it, Hugh—before Maud, too, and Mr. Levincourt?"

"No, of course not *bound*. But it would have seemed more natural if you had mentioned it quietly to me."

Mrs. Lockwood was silent.

"Look here, mother dear," said Hugh, after a short silence, "I am not good at hiding what I feel. I was a little hurt and vexed when Mr. Frost told me that you and he had privately discussed my feeling for Maud long before you had ever said a word to me on that subject. Now the truth is out!"

"He—Mr. Frost—told you that, Hugh?"

"Well, he did not say it verbatim et literatim, as I have said it; but he certainly gave me to understand that such was the case."

"I meant for the best, Hugh."

"Meant for the best! Dearest mother, you don't suppose I doubt that? But don't let that man come between you and me, mother dear."

"I thought you liked Mr. Frost, Hugh?"

"So I did. He was my father's friend. I have known him all my life. But lately there has been something about him that revolts—no, that is too strong a word—there has been something about him that seems to put me on my guard. I hate to have to be on my guard!"

"It is a very good attitude to face the world with."

"Ah, mother, you know we might have some discussion on that soon. But, at all events, it is not the posture I like—or, indeed, that I am able—to assume toward my friends. With mistrust affection vanishes."

Mrs. Lockwood winced, and turned her pale face from her son.

"But, mother," he proceeded, "I have another piece of news to add—a disagreeable piece of news; but you must try not to take it too much to heart."

Then he told her of the disappointing letter he had received from Herbert Snowe. This, however, did not seem to grieve her so much as he had expected. In truth, she could not help faintly hoping that it might give her anxieties a reprieve by putting off yet a while Hugh's endeavor to make a start for himself. But he did not leave her long in this delusion.

"I must try to borrow the money elsewhere," said he. "The opportunity of buying that connection is too good a one to be lost without an effort."

"Did he not say something—did not Mr. Frost make you an offer of a desirable position elsewhere?" asked Mrs. Lockwood, hesitatingly.

"Oh, I suppose he mentioned *that* to you also during his mysterious visit? Well, mother, I am not mysterious, and I was about to tell you that he did make me an offer on the part of this new company in which he is interested. But—"

"But you refused it!"

Hugh explained to his mother that in order not to appear obstinate and ungracious, he had taken two days to consider of the proposition. But he added that his mind was already made up on the subject.

"The truth is," he said, "that I mistrust the whole business. There are rumors afloat about the company which would make a prudent man think twice before he had any thing to do with it."

"But you would be a paid employé. You would run no risk."

"I should risk losing my time and getting neither cash nor credit."

"Is it really thought so ill of, this undertaking?"

"In our office it is spoken of as a very unsafe concern. My own opinion is this: if things had gone well in the English money market the Parthenope Embellishment *might* have turned up trumps. But it is all hazard—unprincipled gambling on a great scale, and with other folks' money! One or two more failures of great houses such as we have had lately would involve the company in ruin. But you need not look so anxious, dear little mother. Our unambitious little craft is out of such deep waters, and will keep out of them."

"Do you suppose, Hugh," asked Mrs. Lockwood, in her usual deliberate calm tones, but with cheeks even paler than usual, "have you any reason for supposing that Mr. Frost has ventured money in this company?"

"*His own money* you mean?—for of course he has ventured other peoples' if he puffs the thing to every one as he did to me!—well, I can not say. People are beginning to say that he is not so solid a man as was supposed. I hear—Heaven knows how these things get about—that he has a very extravagant wife, and that he has been rash in speculating. Mother, what is the matter?"

Hugh suddenly checked his speech to ask this question; for Mrs. Lockwood had dropped her head on her hands, and the tears were running down her face.

"Mother! Darling mother, do speak to me! For God's sake tell me what is the matter? Is it *my* fault? Have I done or said any thing to vex you?"

She shook her head silently; but the tears gathered and fell more quickly and copiously at every moment.

"Hugh," she faltered out at last, "I tried to do right."

"Tried to do right! You *have* done right—always right. You are the best woman in the world."

"Don't, Hugh! Don't talk so! It goes to my heart to hear you when I know how your tone would change if I were to tell you—"

"To tell me what?" asked Hugh, almost breathless with surprise and apprehension.

"Oh, Hugh, Hugh, you would not love me if I were to confess some great fault to you. You are like the rest of the men; your love is so mingled with pride!"

"Some great fault!" echoed Hugh.

"There! There it is, the stern look on your face like your father!"

The poor woman bowed her face yet lower, and hid it in her hands, while her delicate frame shook with sobs. For a few minutes, which seemed an interminable time to her, Hugh stood silent, and looking, as she had said, very stern. He was struggling with himself, and undergoing a painful ordeal which was not expressed in the set lines of his strong young face. At length he went to his mother, knelt beside her chair, and took her hand.

"Mother," he said, "nothing can blot out all the years of love and care and tenderness you have given to me. I can not believe that you have been guilty of any great fault. Your sensitive conscience exaggerates its importance no doubt. But"—here he made a little pause and went on with an effort—"but *whatever* it may be, if you will confide in me, I shall never cease to love you. You are my own dear mother! Nothing can alter that."

"Oh, my boy!" she cried, and threw her arms round his neck as he knelt beside her.

Then in a moment the weary secret of years came out. She told him all the truth, from the miserable story of her youth to the time of her marriage, and the subsequent persecution from which Mr. Frost had relieved her, and the price she had to pay for that relief. As she spoke, holding her son in her arms and resting her head on his shoulder, she wondered at herself for having endured the torments of bearing her solitary burden all these years, and at the apprehension she had felt at the thought of the confession which now seemed so easy, sweet, and natural.

Hugh heard her without speaking, only now and then pressing the hand he held in his to give her courage when she faltered.

"Oh, mother, how you have suffered in your life!" That was his first thought when she ceased to speak. His next thought he was fain to utter, although it sounded like a reproach.

"If you had but trusted my father! He loved you so truly."

"Ah, Hugh, if I had, but it was so terrible to me to risk losing his love. And he often said—as you have been used to say after him—that he could never reinstate in his heart any one who had once been guilty of deliberate deception. You can not know, you strong upright natures, how the weak are bent and warped. You can not—or so I feared—make allowance for temptation, or give credit for all the hard struggle and combat that ends sometimes in defeat at last."

Hugh could not quite easily get over the revelation his mother had made. He had struggled with himself to be gentle with her; he would not add to her pain by look or gesture, if he could help it. But he knew that all was not as it had been between them. He knew that he could never again feel the absolute proud trust in his mother which had been a joy to him for so many years. Tenderness, gratitude, and pity remained. But the past was past, and irrevocable. The pain of this knowledge acted as a spur to his resentment against Mr. Frost.

"You have the paper acknowledging this man's debt to my father?" said Hugh. "It will not be difficult to make him disgorge. *He* to patronize me, and help me, and offer me this and that, when an act of common honesty would have put me in a position to help myself years ago!"

"Hugh, the dreadful idea that you hinted at just now has been in my mind for some time past, although I dared not dwell on it. I mean the fear that he may not be *able* to make immediate restitution of the money due to you."

"Restitution or exposure: I shall give him the choice, though I feel that even so I am in some degree compounding with knavery."

Mrs. Lockwood clasped and unclasped her hands nervously.

"He always found some excuse for putting me off all these years," she said.

"He shall not put me off, I promise him."

"Oh, my boy, if through my cowardice you should lose all that your poor father worked so hard to bequeath to you!"

"We will hope better, mother dear. This man must have enough to pay me what he owes. It is a great deal to us, but not much to a rich man. He has been in a fine position for years, and the name of the firm stands high."

"And about—about the will, and Maud's inheritance?" stammered Mrs. Lockwood.

The calm security of her manner had given place to a timid hesitation in addressing Hugh that was almost pathetic.

"Do not let us speak of that, dear mother," said Hugh, "or my choler will rise beyond my power to control it. That man is a consummate scoundrel. He was—I am sure of it now, I suspected it then—trying to sound me as to the probability of my being induced to bear false witness."

"Oh, Hugh!"

"He thought it might be highly convenient for him, and might ease his pocket and his cares (not his conscience; *that* he is not troubled with) if I— It won't bear thinking of."

"May you not be mistaken? And may there not be some excuse—?"

"Excuse!" echoed Hugh.

His mother shrank back silently at the fierce tone of his voice. He walked to the door, and had almost passed out of the room, when she called him, but in so low and hesitating a tone that he stood uncertain whether she had spoken or not.

"Did you call me, mother?" he said.

"You never left me before without a word or a kiss, Hugh, since you were a toddling child."

He came back at once, and took her in his arms, and kissed her forehead, fondly. But after he was gone, she sat and cried bitterly. A strange kind of repentance grew up in her mind—a repentance not so much for the evil done as for the tardy confession of it. Yet it had seemed, so long as the confession was yet unspoken, and even while she was speaking it, as if it must take a load from her heart.

"If I had held my tongue," she thought, "my son would have loved me and trusted me still. Now I am afraid to see him again, lest I should find some change in him, my boy whom I love better than my life! What signified the money? I might have let it go. He knew nothing of it, and he would not have grieved for it. What phantom of duty was it that haunted and harried me into doing this thing?"

She forgot, in the present pain of her mortified love and pride, all the miserable hours that secrecy had cost her. Her soul was tossed to and fro by many revulsions of feeling before her meditations were ended. The untoward teachings of her youth were bearing bitter fruit. She did not lack courage. She could endure, and had endured much, with fortitude and energy. But the greatness of Renunciation was not hers. She had balanced her sufferings against her faults all her life long. She had been prone to demand strict justice for herself, and to think that she meted it out rigidly to others. There had been a secret sustaining consolation amidst the heart-breaking troubles of her younger days, in the conviction that they were undeserved. Pride has always a balm for the sting of injustice. But for the stroke of merited calamity humility alone brings healing.

Zillah thought that she had paid her price of suffering. She had faced the pain of confessing to her son that she had sinned. And yet the peace which that pain was meant to purchase did not descend upon her heart. She had not learned even yet that no human sacrifice can bribe the past to hide its face and be silent. We must learn to look upon the irrevocable without rancor: thus, and thus only, does its stern sphinx-face reveal to us a sweetness and a wisdom of its own.

CHAPTER IX.

CONFIDENCE.

IT was past six o'clock on that same spring evening when Veronica's note was delivered at Gower Street. Hugh had just quitted his mother, after the interview recorded in the preceding chapter, and was crossing the little entrance hall when the messenger arrived.

"Are you Mr. Hugh Lockwood, Sir?" asked the man. "I was told to give the letter into his own hands."

Hugh assured the messenger that he was right; and began to read the note as he stood there, with some anxiety. When he had glanced quickly through the note he turned to the messenger.

"Are you to wait for an answer?" he said.

"No, Sir; I had no instructions about that."

"Very good. I will send or bring the reply. Tell Lady Gale that her note has been safely received."

When the man was gone Hugh ran up to his own room to read the letter again, and to consider its contents. What should he do? That he must tell Maud of it was clear to him. He did not think he should be justified in withholding it from her. But how should he advise her to act? He cogitated for some time without coming to any conclusion; and at last went in search of her, determined to let himself be greatly guided by her manner of receiving that which he had to impart.

He found Maud in the little drawing-room that had been so long occupied by Lady Tallis. She was selecting and packing some music to take away with her; for she was to accompany her guardian to Shipley in two days. Mrs. Sheardown had invited her to stay at Lowater House for a while. But Maud had declared that she could not leave Mr. Levincourt for the first week or so of his return home. Afterward she had promised to divide her time as nearly as might be between Lowater and the vicarage.

"What are you doing there, my own? You look as pale as a spirit in the twilight," said Hugh, entering the room.

"I am doing what spirits have no occasion for—packing up," she answered. "Luggage is, however, a condition of civilized mortality, against which it is vain to rebel."

"It is a condition of mortality which you of the gentler sex accept with great fortitude, I have always heard. Perhaps there may be something of the martyr-spirit in the perseverance with which one sees women drag about piles of portmanteaus and bandboxes!"

He answered lightly and cheerfully, as she had spoken. But his heart sank at the prospect of so speedily parting with her.

"See, dear Hugh," said Maud, pointing to a packet of unbound music she had put aside, "these are to be left in your charge. The rest—Beethoven's sonatas, Haydn's, Hummel's, and a few of the songs I shall take with me. I have packed up the sonatas of Kozeluch that I used to play with Mr. Plew—poor Mr. Plew!"

She smiled, but a tear was in her eye, and her voice shook a little. Presently she went on. "I have chosen all the old things that Uncle Charles is fond of. He said the other day that he never had any music now. Music was always one of his great pleasures."

"I have not heard you play or sing for some time, Maud."

"Not since—not since dear Aunt Hilda died. I have not cared to make music for my own sake. But I shall be thankful if I can cheer Uncle Charles by it."

Hugh drew near her, and looked down proudly on the golden-haired head bending over the music. "And must I lose you, my own love?" he said, sadly.

"Lose me, Hugh! No; that you must not. Don't be too sorry, you poor boy. Remember how I shall be loving you all the time—yes, all the time, every hour that we are parted."

She put up her hands on his shoulders, and laid her shining head against his breast with fond simplicity.

"Ah, my own, best darling! Always unselfish, always encouraging, always brave. What troubles can hurt me that leave me your love? My heart has no room for any thing but gratitude when I think of you, Maud."

"Are there troubles, Hugh?" she asked, quickly, holding him away from her, and looking up into his face. "If you really think me brave, you will let me know the troubles. It is my right, you know."

"There are no troubles—no real troubles. But I will tell you every thing, and take counsel of my wise little wife. First, I must tell you that I carried out our plan this day. Don't start, darling. I went to Mr. Lovegrove's office, where I found Mr. Simpson, the lawyer employed by—by the other side, and Lane, the agent. I told them what I had to say, as briefly as possible, just as you bade me."

"Oh, I am so grateful to you, Hugh. And the result? Tell me in a word."

"I have no doubt Veronica's claim will be established. Indeed, I believe that it may be said to be so already."

"Thank God!"

"I will give you the details of my interview later, if you care to hear them. But now I have something else to say to you. Sit down by me here on the couch. I have just had a note—You tremble! Your little hands are cold! Maud, my darling, there is nothing to fear!"

"No, dear Hugh. I do not fear. I fear nothing as long as you hold my hand in yours. But I—I—"

"You have been agitated and excited too much lately. I know it, dearest. I hate to distress you. But I am sure it would not be right to conceal this thing from you."

"Thank you, Hugh."

"I got this note not half an hour ago. Can you see to read it by this light?" She took the small, perfumed note to the window, and read it through eagerly. While she was reading Hugh kept silence, and watched her with tender anxiety. In a minute she turned her face toward him and held out her hand.

"When may I go? You will take me, Hugh? Let us lose no time."

"You wish to go, then?"

"Wish to go! Oh yes, yes, Hugh. Dear Hugh, you will not oppose it?"

"I will not oppose it, Maud, if you tell me, after a little reflection, that you seriously wish to go."

"I think I ought to see her."

"She does not deserve it of you."

"Dear Hugh, she has done wrong. She deceived her father, and was cruelly deceived in her turn. I know there is nothing so abominable to you as insincerity."

Hugh thought of his own many speeches to that effect, and then of his mother's recent revelation; and so thinking, he winced a little and turned away his head.

"You are accustomed to expect moral strength and rectitude, from having the example of your mother always before your eyes. But ought we to set our faces against the weak who wish to return to the right?"

"I know not what proof of such a wish has been given by—Lady Gale."

"Dearest Hugh, if she were all heartless and selfish, she would not long to see me in the hour of her triumph."

"She says no word of her father."

Maud's face fell a little, and she bent her head thoughtfully.

"Does that show much heart?" continued Hugh.

"Perhaps—I think—I do believe that she is more afraid of him than she is of me. And that would not be unnatural, Hugh. Listen, dear. I do not defend, nor even excuse, Veronica. But if, now—having seen to what misery, for herself and others, ambition, and vanity, and worldliness have led—she is wavering at a turning-point in her life, where a kind hand, a loving word, may have power to strengthen her in better things, ought I not to give them to her if I can?"

"If," said Hugh, slowly, "you can do so without repugnance, without doing violence to your own feelings, perhaps—"

"I can! I can, indeed, Hugh! Ah, you, who have been blessed with a good and wise mother, can not guess how much of what is faulty in Veronica is due to early indulgence. Poor Aunt Stella was kind; but she could neither guide nor rule such a nature as Veronica's. And then, Hugh, don't give me credit for more than I deserve—I do long to see her. She was my sister for so many years. And I loved her—I have always loved her. Let me go!"

They debated when and how this was to be.

"I hate the idea of your going to see her unknown to Mr. Levincourt," said Hugh. "I believe he will be justly hurt and angered when he hears of it. If you have any influence with her, you must try to induce her to make some advances to her father. It is her barest duty. And—listen, my dearest;" as he spoke he drew her fondly to his side as though to encourage her against the gravity of his words, and the serious resolution in his face. "Listen to me, Maud. You must make this lady understand that your path in life and hers will henceforward be widely different. It must be so. Were we to plan the contrary, circumstances would still be too strong for us. She will be rich. We, my Maudie, shall be only just not very poor. She will live in gay cities; we in an obscure provincial nook. The social atmosphere that will in all probability surround Lady Gale, would not suit my lily. And our climate would be too bleak for her."

"I will do what you tell me, Hugh. When may I go? To-night?"

"She says in her note that she will be at home all to-morrow."

"Yes; but she also says 'this evening.' And, besides, to-morrow will be my last day with you!"

"Thanks, darling. Well, Maud, if you are prepared—if you are strong enough—we will go to-night."

Hugh went down stairs, and informed his mother that he and Maud were going out for a while, but would return to supper.

It was not unusual for them to take an evening walk together, after the business of the day was over for Hugh.

"Are you going to the park, Hugh?" asked Mrs. Lockwood.

"No, mother."

At another time she would have questioned him further. But now there was a sore feeling at her heart which made her refrain. Was he growing less kind, less confiding already? Were these the first-fruits of her miserable weakness in confessing what she might still have hidden? She was too proud, or too prudent—perhaps at the bottom of her heart too just—to show any temper or suspicion. She merely bade him see that Maud was well wrapped up, as the evenings were still chilly.

And then, when the street door had closed upon them, she sat and watched their progress down the long dreary street from behind the concealment of the wire blind in her little parlor, with a yearning sense of unhappiness.

Arrived at the bottom of the street, Hugh called a cab. "You must drive to the place, my pet," he said, putting Maud into the vehicle. "It is a long way; and you must not be tired or harassed when you reach the hotel."

"Oh, where is it, Hugh? How odd that I never thought of asking! But I put my hand into yours and come with you, much as a little child follows its nurse. Sometimes I feel—you won't laugh, Hugh?"

"I shall not laugh, Maudie. I am in no laughing mood. I may smile, perhaps. But smiles and tears are sometimes near akin, you know."

"Well, then, I feel very often when I am with you, as I have never felt with any one except my mother. I can remember the perfect security, the sense of repose and trust I had in her presence. I was so sure of her love. It came down like the dew from heaven. I needed to make no effort, to say no word. I was a tiny child when I lost her, but I have never forgotten that feeling. And since, since I have loved you, Hugh, it seems to me as though it had come back to me in all its peace and sweetness."

"My own treasure!"

They sat silent with their hands locked in each other's until they had nearly reached the place they were bound for. Then Hugh said: "We are nearly at our destination, Maud. I shall leave you after I have seen you safely in the hotel. It is now half past seven. At nine o'clock I will come back for you. You will be ready?"

"Yes, Hugh."

"God bless you, my dearest. I shall be glad when this interview is over. My precious white lily, these sudden gusts and storms shake you too much!"

"Oh," she answered, smiling into his face, though with a trembling lip, "there are lilies of a tougher fibre than you think for! And they are elastic, the poor slight things. It is the strong stiff stubborn tree that gets broken."

"Am I stiff and stubborn, Maudie?"

"No; you are strong and good, and I am so grateful to you!"

He inquired in the hall of the hotel for Lady Gale, and found that directions had been given to admit Maud whenever she might present herself.

"Miss Desmond?" said the porter. "Lady Gale begs you will go up stairs. This way, if you please."

The man directed a waiter to conduct Miss Desmond to Lady Gale's apartment. Hugh gave her a hurried pressure of the hand, whispered, "At nine, Maud," and stood watching her until her slight figure had disappeared, passing lightly and noiselessly up the thickly-carpeted stairs.

ABSENCE.

THE April sunshine, soft and fair,
Touches the meadows cheerily;
Wild violets scent the warm still air;
But ever through the bright spring hours,
The sunshine and the opening flowers,
My spirit hungers to be fed,
And faints for love's dear daily bread,
Yearning, beloved, for thee!

The day wears on, the evening lone
Comes up across the misty lea;
I watch the stars as one by one
They glimmer out; my eyes are wet;
My heart is filled with vague regret,
Haunting it like a sad refrain;
I can not still this restless pain,
Thinking, beloved, of thee!

The twilight deepens; brooding sleep
Shadows the green earth tenderly;
The house lies hushed in slumber deep;
The peace of heaven seems strangely near;
I kneel beneath the moonbeams clear,
And soft upon my troubled breast
Comes down a blessed sense of rest,
Praying, beloved, for thee!

"A BROWN STUDY."

THE interesting engraving from a painting by the late WILLIAM HUNT, which we print on page 152, is a pleasant illustration of the peculiarly gentle humor, just tinted with pathos, with which this great master of water-color art delighted to treat subjects from lowly human life. If he painted an "interior" it was generally some unpretending farm-house or cottage-chamber, and his figures are almost invariably rustic children of the homeliest type—plow-boys, farm-house beauties, school boys and girls. He produced several drawings of negro children, one of which, now in the Ellison Collection in the South Kensington Museum, we this week engrave. The little mulatto is not made to look more ridiculous or less intelligent as he bends over the sum written down on his slate than if he were a white boy. We hardly need call attention to the artistic treatment of the subject—the felicitous expression of the little fellow's face, as, unconsciously biting his pencil, he rolls up his eyes in a brown study, quite forgetful of his task. The picture might have been studied in one of our own schools for freedmen's children in the South.

THE HAIR.

THE quality and color of the hair was a subject of speculative theory for the ancients. Lank hair was considered indicative of pusillanimity and cowardice; yet the head of Napoleon was guiltless of a curl! Frizzly hair was thought an indication of coarseness and clumsiness. The hair most in esteem was that terminating in ringlets. Dares, the historian, states that Achilles and Ajax Telamon had curling locks; such also was the hair of Timon, the Athenian. As to the Emperor Augustus, nature had favored him with such redundant locks, that no hairdresser in Rome could produce the like. Auburn or light brown hair was thought the most distinguished, as portending intelligence, industry, a peaceful disposition, as well as a great susceptibility to the tender passion. Castor and Pollux had brown hair; so also had Menelaus. Black hair does not appear to have been esteemed by the Romans; but red was an object of aversion. Ages before the time of Judas, red hair was thought a mark of reprobation, both in the case of Typhon, who deprived his brother of the sceptre of Egypt, and Nebuchadnezzar, who acquired it in expiation of his atrocities. Even the donkey tribe suffered from this ill-omened visitation, according to the proverb of "wicked as a red ass." Asses of that color were held in such detestation among the Copts, that every year they sacrificed one by hurling it from a high wall.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE recent establishment in the city of New York of a foundling hospital, upon a plan somewhat analogous to those so long well known upon the continent of Europe, lends interest to the history of the Foundling Hospital of London. This charity was opened in 1741. Its basis, financially, was a fund given for the purpose by Captain Coram, a shipmaster in early life, and afterward a man noted for his efforts for the public welfare. The original idea of the founder did not include the indiscriminate reception of all infants whom cruel or necessitous parents might choose to cast upon the institution; but contemplated an inquiry into character and circumstances in each case. The benefits of the institution were afterward extended, by the aid of money granted by Parliament, to all who chose to bring children to it. This plan was found to lead to grave abuses and evils. Within about three years nearly 12,000 infants were thrown upon the hospital. Parish officers stripped their work-houses of pauper babies and sent them to the hospital. Brutal husbands robbed helpless wives of their few-hours-old children, and sent them to the hospital. Men and women throughout the country set up a new trade, the carrying of babies at so much a head up to the hospital. The newspapers teemed with the stories of the enormities resulting from this practice. These consequences led Parliament to rescind the provisions for indiscriminate admission, and the institution is now conducted under the regulation that,

> "The committee shall be satisfied of the previous good character and present necessity of the mother of every child proposed for admission, and that the father of the child, if living, has deserted the mother and child; and that the reception of the child will in all probability be the means of replacing the mother in the course of virtue and the way of an honest livelihood."

Many of the causes which defeated the utility of the free admission system in this instance, however, doubtless exist in far less force in this country than in England.

Along the line of the Union Pacific Railroad moss agates are found in great abundance. The beds are often fifty yards wide and one hundred long, and are usually one or two miles apart. The agates are discovered between and underneath large smooth pebbles. Some of them are covered with exact imitations of vines, pine trees, cedar forests, trains of cars, and figures of every imaginable shape. The hunt after agates is exciting.

Lausanne, on Lake Geneva, has had a shower of ants. To be sure, it lasted only a couple of minutes, but millions of insects fell, covering the streets so that it was not possible to walk without crushing them.

Maine is not likely to lack for timber at present. The State offers timbered land to actual settlers for fifty cents an acre, and even that can be "worked out," if they choose, on the new roads.

Minnesota does not need ice-machines. Nature outstrips art, at forty degrees below zero.

A terrible accident recently occurred at the Worcester dépôt in Boston. A train had just arrived, and before it stopped a woman, in haste to leave the cars, jumped upon the platform, stepping in the direction opposite to the motion of the cars. She fell back upon the track and was so mangled by the wheels that she died in a few hours. There is always a risk in getting off of a car or any vehicle in motion; but a passenger is comparatively safe if great care be taken to jump or step *forward*. It is most dangerous to jump or step in the opposite direction.

Harvard University has eleven hundred and seven students, forty-nine professors, and forty-two other teachers. President Eliot is reputed popular.

The pyramids will never cease to give rise to curious speculations. Sir John Herschel calculates that the great pyramid weighs 12,760,000,000 pounds. Lyall gives a larger estimate of 6,000,000 tons. According to Perring, the present quantity of masonry is 6,316,000 tons, or 82,110,000 cubic feet.

The Pope is a great smoker, invariably taking a cigar after every meal. The Holy Father once visited the tobacco manufactory which is in the Trastevere. Being told that a great part of the work was done by the girls of the Trastevere, who are more celebrated for their good looks than good character, he exclaimed, "Conduct me, then, to these servants of God." He was presented with several thousand of the best cigars.

The hotel-keepers who recently met in convention to concert measures for procuring ice on more reasonable terms than the ice companies supply it will feel encouraged to learn that one-half of the ice sold in Paris is artificially made; and it is predicted that, five years hence, half the ice used in the United States will be made by machinery. Probably there may be a loud call for ice-makers next summer. About six years ago one of Carré's ice-machines was brought into the United States, and the New Orleans Ice Company was established. Improvements have recently been made in the apparatus, and we understand that not less than eighteen hundred of Carré's freezing machines are in use, chiefly in tropical climates, or in countries bordering thereon. The materials used in the manufacture of the ice are water, spirits of ammonia, steam, and salt. Ammonia possesses the peculiar property of parting with its ammoniacal gas when heated, and of reabsorbing it most powerfully when cooled again; the gas has the property of becoming liquefied by pressure, the liquefied gas becoming hot at the same time, and communicating this heat to the surrounding vessel; and when returning to the gaseous state, the pressure being removed, it will reabsorb this heat, and thus cool the surrounding vessel, which in turn may exert a freezing action on water. If a liquid is forced to become a vapor without giving it special heat, it will, in the process of evaporation, absorb the required heat forcibly from the surrounding bodies, and produce sensible cold. Without entering into the details of the process, we may state that ice is now being successfully manufactured in Philadelphia by the use of liquid ammonia. Many other liquids have been applied to this purpose. Dr. Van der Weyde, of New York, has invented an ice machine in which chymogene or cryogene is used. This substance possesses many advantages over others, being a waste product obtained during the distillation of petroleum, and is exceedingly cheap. It is also very volatile, and its peculiar lubricating properties protect the metals with which it comes in contact from corrosion, which is a great desideratum. The price of one of Van der Weyde's machines, capable of producing ten tons of ice per day, is, including the required pump, about $5000, while an ammonia machine of the same capacity costs $25,000. The price of the ice made by the latter is, in favorable circumstances, $7 to $8 per ton; by the former from $2 to $4.

We understand that Professor Agassiz has been seriously ill—a consequence of nervous prostration and overwork. His physician prescribes absolute rest, consequently there will probably be no public lectures from him for some time.

A correspondent of the London *Times* at Rome says that it is often impossible to ascertain the substance of the addresses made in the Œcumenical Council, or even to learn on which side they are delivered. "With the closest attention an Italian has great difficulty in understanding a Greek or a Spaniard speaking Latin. In that vast hall seven hundred Fathers can do little else than listen to the rolling echoes, and ask, 'What are the wild waves saying?'. As much sense could be made out of a storm at sea."

What must be the patience of Japanese novel readers? A Japanese novelist, named Kiong te Bakin, has been at work upon one book of fiction for forty years, and has only just completed it. This work of light literature extends to a hundred and six volumes, and has occupied a good half of the author's life in the composition.

Are our poets wealthy, and is it the gift of poesy that has brought them gold as well as fame? What "*they say*" is not always to be relied upon, but Bryant is reputed worth $500,000, made chiefly not by poetry, but by journalism. Longfellow is estimated at $200,000, the gift of his father-in-law, Nathan Appleton, besides the very considerable profit of his poems; Holmes is rated at $100,000, hereditary property, increased by lecturing and literature; Whittier is worth $30,000, inherited and earned by his popular pen; Saxe is reputed worth $70,000, inherited and earned in law, lecturing, and literature; Lowell is said to be worth $30,000 or $40,000, hereditary and acquired in his professorship in Harvard College.

Admiral Edward Wailis Hoare, the oldest officer in the Royal Navy of Great Britain, recently died at Upton, near Ryde, Isle of Wight. He was 92 years old, and entered the navy in 1790 as a volunteer.

The curious discovery has been made by an English surgeon that monkeys can not be poisoned with strychnine. They seem to eat all kinds of poison with impunity. Monkeys, then, are slightly different from men!

An English engineer, living on the shores of the Adriatic, has just submitted to the Lords of the Admiralty a deadly torpedo. The inventor declines to patent his plan. He prefers, like Junius, to be the depositary of his own secret. The torpedo is in the shape of a large fish, floating at any determined depth under the surface of the water, the fore-part filled with explosive matter, but the motive power in the after-part, provided by compressed air. This vessel is like a sword-fish, with not only a snout in front, but with snouts projecting from the sides and rising up vertically. Charged with dynamite or nitro-glycerine, the torpedo can make a hole in the hull of the strongest iron-built vessel; and can be made to run forward under the water either in a straight or in a curved line. With such engines of destruction, naval battles will be surpassingly horrible.

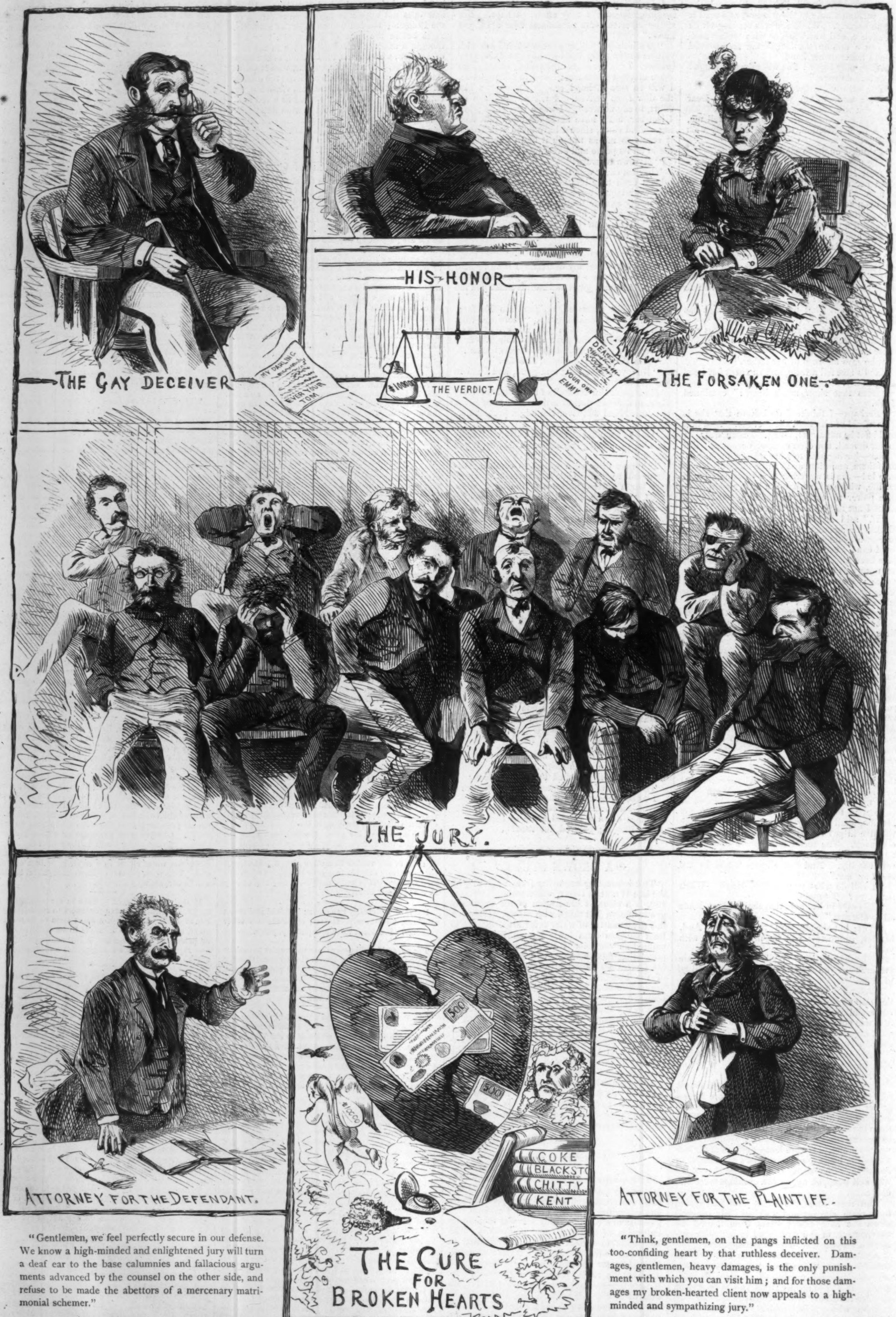
M. Ollivier is believed to have in contemplation a measure which may have the effect to repress dueling in Paris. Instead of a short time of imprisonment, a fine of 100,000 francs is to be inflicted both on principals and seconds. A few sentences of this sort rigidly enforced would produce a most salutary effect.

It is curious to notice what various forms Parisian journals adopt when they allude to the Emperor. The *Journal Officiel* describes him as H. M. the Emperor; *Constitutionnel*, His Majesty the Emperor; *France*, the Emperor; *Pays*, His Majesty; *Siècle*, Napoleon III.; *Cloche*, Napoleon; *Réveil*, the Executive; *Rappel*, Cæsar; *Marseillaise*, Sardanapalus, Herod, and Heliogabalus.

Professor Blot is looking around for a larger kitchen; his establishment is not extensive enough to satisfy Brooklyn. Many families are waiting impatiently to make the practical experiment of having their cooking done for them in the most artistic manner. His culinary establishment is a marvel of neatness and order.

We note that an establishment on the same general plan is now beginning to operate on quite an extensive scale in Boston. It is located in Washington Street, near the old Roxbury line; but order boxes are thick all over the city, and more are being put up daily. Orders from these boxes are collected twice a day, and an ample force is employed to have them all punctually answered. There is a special bill of fare for each day of the week, but a customer can have any thing that he chooses, on any day of the week, by giving notice early enough; and the orders may cover a dinner of several courses for a party of any size, down to the simple lunch of a man at his place of business. The prices charged seem quite reasonable.

A new dispensary has been opened on Broadway, between Thirty-fifth and Thirty-sixth streets, for the gratuitous treatment of diseases of the throat and chest. Dr. Ruppaner, who has acquired a high reputation for skill in such diseases, is the attending physician, the institution having been established by his influence.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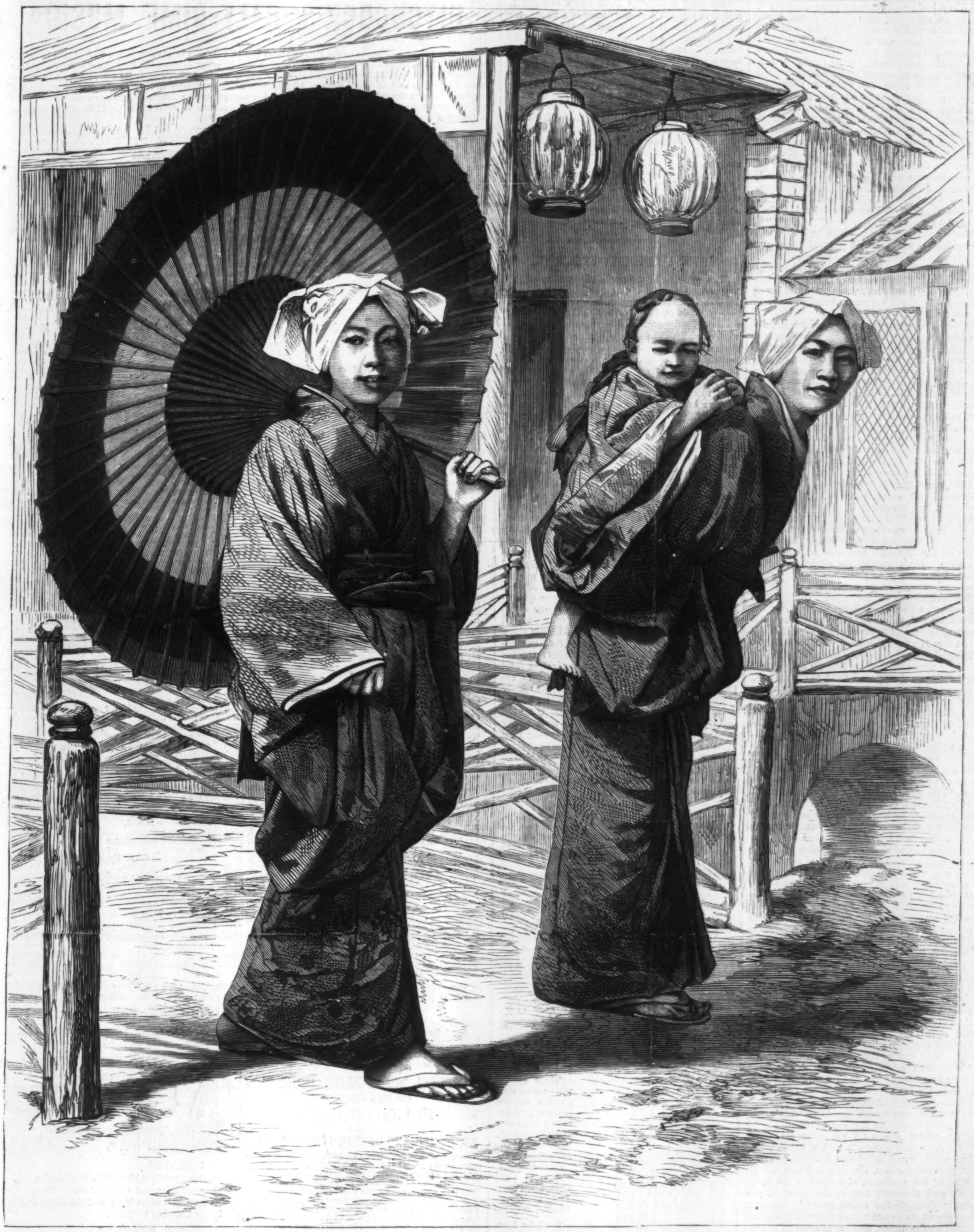
BREACH OF PROMISE—HOW TO REPAIR BROKEN HEARTS.—[From a Sketch by Park Benjamin.]



JAPANESE LADIES.

JAPANESE LADIES.

The strange figures in our illustration on this page exhibit the street costume of the fashionable ladies of Japan. They certainly present a very absurd appearance; but if a Japanese artist were to visit New York to-day, would he not find in Broadway and Fifth Avenue costumes equally grotesque and ugly, and even more deficient in the qualities of good taste and refinement? Before we laugh at the costumes of these semi-civilized people, perhaps it would be well to inquire whether our friends of the Celestial Empire are altogether unjust in styling us "outside barbarians" in matters of taste and fashion. Ladies who take delight in the hideousness of the "Grecian bend" have little right to laugh at their Japanese sisters.

A PARISIAN BALLET GIRL.

There are two sides to the life of ballet girls in Paris. The sad fate which awaits most members of this strange profession, of which Anglo-Saxon countries happily know but little, is sometimes relieved by a happier experience; and I may as well illustrate it by the story of a young ballet girl, told to me by my friend Monsieur Paul, as we sat sipping post-prandial cognac at the Grand Café. Her motives for becoming a *danseuse*, her conduct on the stage and off, were as praiseworthy and proper as one would find in any class of society. I will follow as nearly as I can the words of Paul in relating it. They had just brought out, he said, at the Porte St. Martin, a great spectacular piece, of rare attractions, requiring a very numerous *corps de ballet*. The sub-manager, a friend of Paul's, had invited him behind the scenes on the first night of the representation. He went, and had his usual chat with his favorites in the corps, in the green-room, before the rising of the curtain. While in the green-room he noticed, sitting quite apart from the rest of the girls, a young *danseuse* whom he had seen a few times before, and to whom he had always spoken in vain; she never would answer him; and he always remarked that she treated the other gallants in the same distant way. On this evening she was sitting apart, and Paul observed that tears were rolling down her cheeks, which were thickly rouged. She was attired, very thinly, in scant pink gauze. He approached her, and, touched by her evident depression, asked what the matter was. She shook her head, and turned away. One of the other girls—a bold huzzy—came up, on this, and said: "Can't you guess what's the matter with our fine little Mademoiselle Eulalié? Why she's crying because she's got to appear in that light dress and offer the king, in the play, a goblet of wine, kneeling. How terrible!" And the speaker bounced off, laughing.

"We Frenchmen," said Paul to me, "are so hardened by our devil-my-care life that we are seldom susceptible to pity. But I was really touched by Mlle. Eulalié's emotion; perhaps it was because she was unusually pretty, and so wonderfully fresh and innocent.

During the play Paul saw her on the stage. The poor thing was forcing a smile during the first acts; but when it came to the place where she had to kneel, and thus expose herself to the rude gaze of the *parterre*, she hesitated and trembled like a leaf; and the tears came once more, and by an agonizing effort were forced back. When she arose, her own modest color so mounted to her face as to quite outblush her rouge paint; and after the last act she went into the green-room again—and fainted. Paul felt interested, and, *blasé* as he was, from his heart sympathized with the poor thing. It wasn't a sham, he thought, and he considered himself a good judge. In a week or so, after a good deal of effort, he managed, by getting the sub-manager to introduce him, to make Mlle. Eulalié's acquaintance; and he assured me he never was further from having an unworthy motive in his life. He assured me, further, that from the beginning of his acquaintance with this poor girl to its end, he never had any dishonorable thought concerning her.

"And thank God," continued Paul, "she's out of that abominable place now!"

After an acquaintance in which he had to win her confidence by the most gradual steps—for she was most timid as well as modest—he learned her history, and with it, to venerate and respect this same poor, simple ballet girl.

"I suppose," said Paul, "my interest in her at first arose from the difference between her and the rest; she was a phenomenon."

Her real name was Françoise Tellier—Eulalié was her fancy stage-name. She was eighteen. Her father was dead; her mother had remarried, her second husband having been till within a year a joiner; but meeting with an accident, the step-father had become imbecile, and was the inmate of a suburban *maison de santé*. Her mother was a very sickly but pious Protestant woman, and by her second husband had a family of three small girls. Since her husband's misfortunes she had hardly been able to work at all; what she did was to copy documents for lawyers and at libraries; for she had had a good education, and this has always been a regular occupation for many French people of the lower bourgeois class. Madame Reynard, whose father had been poor, had learned it in her younger days, and had since taught Françoise to write "a lawyer-like hand." It appears that a nephew of the unfortunate step-father was acting in scenic pieces at the Châtelet, and was an enthusiast in his art. He, observing the advantage which young Françoise possessed—her beauty, grace of movement, and freshness—proposed that she should take lessons for the ballet. This shocked the mother, who refused her consent; but the heroic little girl, though shuddering at the prospect, was so earnest in favor of the plan that she at last won Madame Reynard's consent.

The girl saw the difficulties her mother had in providing means for her subsistence and for the support of the unfortunate invalid at the asylum, and was ambitious only to earn enough to aid in supporting them. Her cousin was able to be of great assistance; he engaged a master at less than half price, to be paid from the future earnings of Françoise; and when she became proficient, which she did very rapidly (owing to her zeal and natural quickness), he procured her a good situation at one of the smaller theatres, where she at first, of course, appeared only *en corps*. She rose quickly, had the satisfaction of carrying home a goodly number of francs each week, and of seeing both her mother and her poor imbecile step-father supplied with many comforts of which they had been long deprived.

The occasion of which Paul spoke, when she was so agitated and shed tears, was the first in which she had been called on to appear as a prominent figure in the scene, and to dress with that voluptuous *abandon* which is peremptory on the Paris stage; and that explains her distress. But her excellent behavior did not cease with this emotion and sacrifice. When she came to the ballet, rehearsal mornings, she was observed to carry a little parcel of papers, most neatly wrapped up and tied; and at intervals, when she was not wanted on the stage, she was seen writing with great rapidity at one of the rickety deal tables in the green-room.

She was doing her mother's copy work.

And more. Immediately after rehearsal, which lasted till or after twelve, she hurried home and continued her copying, working at it three or four hours; then she went to the market and bought a basket of fruit, with which she rode in an omnibus to the asylum, and treated the imbecile father to her modest purchases. Returning home she took a slight dinner, washed up the dishes, and was off again buying the next day's provisions. At six she returned to the theatre, where she staid till after midnight. When the weary spectacle at last came to its grand sulphur and aerial scene, and the curtain swung heavily down, shutting out the staring gazers of the audience, and leaving the stage blank and desolate, her cousin escorted her quickly through the street home. She rose promptly at six in the morning, made breakfast, cleared up the dishes, and set at once to writing again. And working thus, excellent Françoise managed to gather, toward the end of her stage career (for she was, happily, near its end when Paul became acquainted with her), about one hundred francs a week, which was a capital income for poor Parisian folk. And there never was a word of scandal whispered against her; but it was remarked by all how modestly and uprightly she bore herself in all her toil and trouble.

"Now," said Paul, "is not this a character worth celebrating in a story? Why don't you, who write for the papers and so on, take it up?"

"Perhaps I shall," said I. "Where is Mlle. Eulalié now?"

"Such a girl," replied my friend. "was sure to be found out and appreciated. A young lawyer's clerk, a Protestant, of thoroughly respectable family, and a competency in money, was struck by her modesty, her zeal, her heroism. She became his wife six months ago, and is studying under his affectionate tuition."

One good redeeming Paris story, thought I. But it is perhaps a single flower in a desert—or rather, a gentle violet in a huge parterre of flaunting peonies. As has been said, the lives of most ballet girls are almost unmitigatedly bad. And how should they be otherwise? The associations of the theatre in any country are too apt to be demoralizing, especially to the young and helpless; and in France, where morality is at a low ebb, the evil is magnified. But the public must be amused at any cost; and the ruin of a few score of young girls is a trifle, when put in comparison with the ambition of the enterprising manager to delight his patrons with a display of seductive female beauty.

It was charming indeed to listen to the story of Eulalié; and when I saw Paul, callous, *blasé* youth of the world, moved with genuine emotions as he told it, I felt that the gay Parisian nature, after all, was not altogether hopeless.

LIFE UNDER THE OCEAN.

THE question of the mode of nutrition of animals at the bottom of the ocean is a very singular one. The practical distinction between plants and animals is, that plants prepare the food of animals by decomposing certain inorganic substances which animals can not use as food, and recombining their elements into organic compounds upon which animals can feed. This process is, however, constantly effected under the influence of light. There is little or no light in the depths, and naturally there are no plants: but the bottom of the sea is a mass of animal life. On what do these animals feed? The answer seems to be sufficiently simple: nearly all the animals—practically *all* the animals, for the small number of higher forms feed upon these—belong to one sub-kingdom, the Protozoa, whose distinctive character is that they have no special organs of nutrition, but that they absorb nourishment through the whole surface of their jelly-like bodies. Most of these animals secrete exquisitely formed skeletons, sometimes of lime, sometimes of silica. There is no doubt that they extract both of these substances from the sea-water, although silica often exists there in quantities so small as to elude detection by chemical tests. All sea-water contains a certain proportion of organic matter in solution. Its sources are obvious. All rivers contain a large quantity: every shore is surrounded by a fringe which averages about a mile in width of olive and red sea-weeds: in the middle of the Atlantic there is a marine meadow, the Sargasso Sea, extending over three millions of square miles: the sea is full of animals which are constantly dying and decaying; and the water of the Gulf Stream, especially, courses round coasts where the supply of organic matter is enormous. It is, therefore, quite intelligible that a world of animals should live in these dark abysses, but it is a necessary condition that they should chiefly belong to a class capable of being supported by absorption, through the surface, of matter in solution; developing but little heat, and incurring a very small amount of waste by any manifestation of vital activity.

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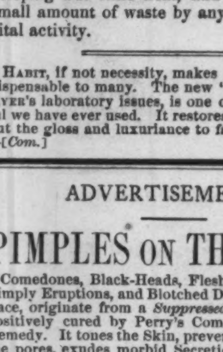

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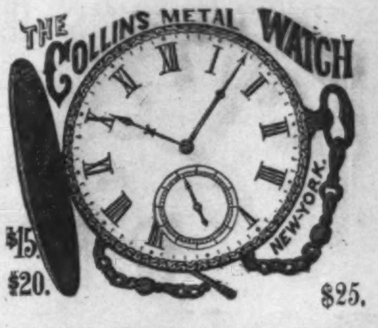

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